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THE INDEPENDENT.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, "BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS." BY S. W. BENEDICT.

VOLUME III. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1851. NUMBER 112.

THE INDEPENDENT.

OFFICE 24 BEEKMAN-STREET, BETWEEN WILLIAM AND NASSAU.

TERMS—$2 per annum to those who order the paper sent by *mail*, and $2.50 to those who receive the paper by *carriers* or *post-riders* at their door free of charge.

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LEONARD BACON, JOS. P. THOMPSON, R. S. STORRS, JR., } *Editors.*

The editors have competent assistance in the departments of news and correspondence, and the Journal is established on an adequate pecuniary basis.

The Editorial arrangements of *The Independent* for the present year will be substantially as heretofore. When Mr. Storrs entered the editorial *corps*, he reserved the right to withdraw from it whenever the paper should have become established. Except for the absence of Dr. Bacon he would therefore have done so at the present time, the circulation of the journal being now sufficient to justify it. But in consequence of that absence he has consented to waive his determination for the present, and to continue to give of his time and strength to our columns. He will hereafter be relieved, however, of all Editorial supervision and responsibility, except in the case of his own articles.

We have already announced that Rev. Dr. CHEEVER will bring the fruits of his ripe scholarship, his cultivated taste, his mature experience, and his devotional spirit to enrich our columns.

Rev. H. W. BEECHER will continue to impart to them his force, earnestness, and wit, his varied acquirements, and his generous sympathy with whatever is true, and noble, and good.

Rev. JOSHUA LEAVITT is Assistant Editor.

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR IOWA CORRESPONDENT.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, Dec. 17, 1850.

To the Editors of The Independent:

GENTLEMEN:—A few weeks since I gave you a very interesting extract from a letter of a friend of mine, an intelligent physician, describing the Mormon city and community at the Great Salt Lake, in Utah territory. I then expressed the conviction that he spoke of them in too favorable terms. I have just read another letter from him, written after leaving that city, in which he gives some additional information, and his more deliberate views of the moral condition and prospects of that community, and which confirm the opinion I entertained. As it is important that the whole truth should be known on the subject, and as it will doubtless interest your readers, I give an extract. The circumstances in which he was placed forbade his giving *all* his impressions in his other letter (which he left in the city to be forwarded by the Mormon mail), and the very fact that he did not dare to speak out fully is a volume of evidence in regard to the reputation which has been established by this singular people. He knew well that the consequence might be that the "Danites" would be soon on his track, as it is said was the experience of more than [illegible] Mormons were in Nauvoo, Illinois. It will be remembered that they were compelled to leave Ohio for Missouri, and Missouri for Illinois, and Illinois for Iowa and Utah, because they could not live in peace with the "Gentiles;" and this, of itself, is strong testimony against them. Whoever lives twenty years will see a melancholy picture of the consequences of this imposture in Utah. The system will work out fearful results. What a pity that such numbers of unsuspecting foreigners are being drawn into this snare of the Devil. It is said that apostles of this faith are visiting almost every country in Europe; but England and Wales are their most successful fields for making proselytes. The following is the extract:—

"You will expect me to say something of my impressions of the Mormons. I spoke of them in my letter from the city of the Great Salt Lake, in favorable terms. I did not wish in *that* letter to speak otherwise. All I said was true, but I did not tell *all* the truth. It is very plainly to be seen, that they not only indulge, but cultivate, a spirit of revenge against the citizens of Illinois and Missouri. They regard the heavy emigration to California as a special providence in their favor, and in order to enable them to recover from the emigrants some of the property lost in their persecutions; and hence they are very unscrupulous and unlimited in their demands for what is needed, that they possess;—one dollar a pound for flour, fifty cents for meal, fifty cents for cheese, ten to twenty cents a quart for milk, and other things in proportion. They regard all the events of the day as promoting, by special intervention of Providence, their advantage, and they avail themselves of every opportunity to make pecuniary profit out of the California emigration. There is not a stream within 400 miles of their settlement, in either direction, which the emigrants have to cross, if it is too deep for fording, over which they have not erected a float of logs, or bridge, or where they have not a ferry-boat, and some persons stationed to collect a tax from those who pass. We crossed Bear river, a small stream, and paid *five dollars* to them for ferrying our wagons, while our teams swam, and they often have a hundred to cross in a day. For crossing a very small and rough bridge two miles further on, we paid them one dollar. The bridge was hardly a day's work, and yet it will pay a profit this season of *two thousand* dollars. It seems to me that as a community they cannot prosper long, though all of them profess to have great confidence in their future success, and speak in loud terms of satisfaction with their present happy condition. Human nature is the same in the valley of the Great Salt Lake as elsewhere, and if nothing else is to work their destruction, it seems to me that their licentiousness must do it. The spiritual wife system, as they call it, is nothing less than a system of unbridled licentiousness; and although many, very many among them are virtuous and good examples of morality, yet this is a part of their religious system, and is allowed as such, and I see not how they can fail to reap the rewards consequent upon it, in due season. Young, the successor of Joe Smith, and their present prophet (and civil Governor, under U. S. authority), has, it is said, seven wives at the present time. A woman lives a while with one man, and then, one or the other becoming tired of the relation, she goes elsewhere, and takes up her abode with some other man. They claim that in this matter they act under special revelation from God. Do not understand me as speaking of every Mormon in this way—far from it. I saw nothing in Mr. Spencer's family, that seemed to countenance in the least such a state of things."

The Reporter, published at our capital, has the following item under the editorial head:

"It is said that no less than ten or twelve Elders of the Mormon persuasion have left the United States in the present year for England; three for Frame, three for Denmark, two for Italy, one for Sweden, and several for the Sandwich Islands, all of whom are engaged as Missionaries for spreading the Mormon doctrines.

The same paper also says that the last number of the *Frontier Guardian*, the Mormon paper published in Pottawattamie county, in this state, where that sect are numerous, contains an admonition, published by authority, and addressed to the "Saints," which shows how things are managed there. It says:

"The High Council of this place, while counselling together for the welfare of the Church in Pottawattamie, decided that it was not wisdom for the Saints to go forth in the dance until duly notified," enjoins repentance upon those who have stepped aside in this particular, and closes significantly as follows: "We would say to one and all—when it is wisdom to dance, you shall be legally notified; and a hint to the wise is sufficient. Done by order of the High Council, this 9th day of Nov. 1850."

The Convention called recently for the purpose of uniting the New School Presbyterians and Congregationalists in Illinois, and to be held at Peoria, did *not* meet at the day appointed. The subject has produced considerable excitement in that State, and has caused a spirited controversy in the *Prairie Herald*, between some who favor the project, and some who do not, among the Presbyterians. The Congregationalists seem to be silent spectators, and to have had little or no agency in the movement. I think no *such* union as the call contemplated can be secured.

Our legislature is now in session, and has much important business before it—the enactment of a new and complete code of laws prepared by commissioners appointed three years ago; the consideration of the License Question, the School System, the Usury Lands, the State Land System, &c.

A large and important Railroad Convention was held last week at our Capital to favor the line from this city to Keokuk, and that from Davenport to Council Bluffs. Handsome grants to aid these enterprises are expected from the present Congress. Respectfully yours, J. C. H.

LETTER FROM MAINE.

CUMBERLAND Co., Me., Jan. 10, 1851.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—You are doubtless aware that Congregationalism wears some of its best aspects in Maine; and that a very favorable type of Maine Independency is found in Cumberland County. It is true, that some of our sister Conferences, in the northern and eastern sections of the State, have been a little afraid of our conservatism upon certain great questions of the day; but there is nevertheless, a thorough and warm, though perhaps guarded sympathy, even in the Cumberland churches, with every movement really adapted to advance the interests of humanity.

The County Conference has just closed an interesting session of two days, held with the High-street church, in Portland, Rev. J. W. Chickering, pastor. In these County meetings a general view of the condition of the churches is presented, and sundry topics of interest are familiarly discussed, including the spiritual necessities of the churches, and the benevolent movements of the day. The Bangor Seminary presented itself to the consideration of this Conference, urging its claims upon the churches of Maine. Rev. Mr. Thurston, of Searsport, recently invited to the Maverick church at East Boston, has been performing a labor of love for the Seminary, in various parts of Massachusetts. He has returned with a large amount of good wishes for the Institution, and a small amount of pecuniary aid, *promised*. An effort recently made in some parts of our own State has resulted somewhat more favorably; and the conviction is now fastening itself upon us, that we must do the work ourselves. The last consideration urged upon the attention of Conference, in favor of immediate action for the Seminary, was presented by one of our elderly pastors, somewhat given to the facetious. We have in the eastern part of the State, a venerable father in the ministry, now about ninety-five years old,—Rev. Father Sawyer,—one of the founders of the Seminary. Said [illegible] Father Sawyer, some twenty years ago held up his trembling hands at a public meeting and said 'If you suffer the Seminary to fail, you will bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.' And he has been waiting ever since," continued the speaker, "to see the Seminary fully endowed. He is already ripe for heaven and longing to be gone; but he cannot leave the world until this object is accomplished. *How long shall we continue to keep Father Sawyer out of Heaven?*"

The ministry in Maine, as elsewhere, have many of them practically asserted their right to preach—*politics*;—so far at least, as to urge upon their congregations their obligations to their country, and to approve or condemn a compliance with the requisitions of the laws. We have here, too, our Union meetings and our Union presses. These presses have assailed *with great patriotism* those preachers who have ventured to assert the claims of a "higher law." Some anxiety has been felt, lest in his approval of the objects of a Union meeting recently held at Bath, our venerable Father Cummings, of the *Christian Mirror*, should be understood as sympathizing with those who urge obedience to the Fugitive Law, "right or wrong." Some of the Union papers, after a two weeks' exultation, must have been sorely *pained* to find, by the last week's *Mirror*, that "CONSCIENCE" and not the "CONSTITUTION" is, after all, the editor's "higher" guide. Hear him: "The position that there is a higher law than the Constitution, or any enactment of a human Legislature, has been ridiculed and made the subject of gibes innumerable, and is likely still to be. Yet no proposition could be more true. To deny it is equivalent to asserting men's equality in wisdom and moral perfection with God. It is bowing to other authority than Jehovah's, or setting other gods before the Lord. It is the essence of idolatry. It is throwing off the government of God. If our good conservative friends do not cease bandying the phrase, in a manner suited to convey the impression that the authority of God is not supreme, they will store up a magazine of wrath, which, ere long, will burst upon them with terrible force, and crush them like an avalanche." And so on through a long article.

We are glad to notice that the religious press generally is settling down firmly on that ground; ready to stand by the law of God, though every man be found a liar. H. S.

LETTER FROM ILLINOIS.

KNOX Co., Ill., Dec. 29, 1850.

To the Editors of The Independent:

The Knox Co. Bible Society held its annual meeting on the 25th inst. As some of the facts presented shed light upon the moral condition of a country which may be regarded as, at least, a fair specimen of this State, I transmit them to you.

The County includes 20 townships; and a population, according to the late census, of 13,280; being an increase of 37 per cent. in the last five years. Two years ago the above Society undertook the work of re-exploring the field, and supplying its destitutions of the Sacred Scriptures,—a labor which had been previously twice performed. The statements below refer to the eastern two-thirds of the County, with the exception of the town of Knoxville.

This portion of the County was explored by one agent, who visited 900 families; of which 135, or a little more than one in seven, were found to be destitute of an entire copy of the Bible. Our inquiries related also to the number of professors of religion, and their denominational connections. Of these, there are Methodists of various sorts, mostly Episcopal, 563; Congregationalists, 83; Baptists, (Missionary and Anti-Missionary) 74; Presbyterians, (O.S.) 43; Do., (N.S.) 21; Campbellites and Christians,—a distinction without a difference,—144; besides Universalists, Mormons, Swedenborgians, Roman Catholics and almost everything else that can be named.

In the remaining portion of the County, there are nearly, perhaps quite, 500 Congregationalists; which is probably a larger proportion than can be found in any equal territory in the State. This includes the church at Galesburg—the largest in the State—and which, though nominally Presbyterian, is composed chiefly of Congregational elements, and embodies controlling Congregational principles.

The object of this communication is two-fold: first, to illustrate the necessity of frequent explorations, in reference to a supply of the Scriptures; and second, to show the necessity for foreign aid to sustain and propagate Congregational principles. Though we are second in evangelical numbers, the slightest glance will render most apparent the fact that the means of those on the ground are utterly inadequate to meet the urgency of the case. There are three Congregational churches in the County, averaging 30 or 40 members each, neither of which has a house of worship; though all are making arrangements to build in the coming Spring. The number and scattered condition of the Congregationalists in the County are such as to present the most powerful and effective appeals to the friends of their principles abroad. And in no way can more efficient and permanent aid be rendered than towards the *the erection of suitable houses of worship*; whether we consider them as centres of influence, or as nuclei around which homogeneous elements may be gathered; or as direct aids to the preaching of the Gospel. But towards this object there exists in many minds at the east a strong and most unreasonable antipathy; than which few prejudices are more "penny-wise and pound-foolish." As an inducement to the people to help themselves nothing could be more efficacious; while, to aid in sustaining the "sowers" of "the Word," without supplying them with appropriate houses of worship, is very much like breaking up their prairies and sowing them with wheat, leaving them unfenced. Of course wisdom and discrimination should be exercised in this, as in other matters; but *discrimination* is quite another thing from an utter repudiation of the object. The Hon. T. S. Williams of Hartford, Conn. has exhibited a far-seeing policy on this subject; and is erecting monuments upon which he will long look down with exultation after he shall have ascended the hights of Zion. Another important means would be the employment of a laborer to look after these scattered "sheep;" extending his supervision over considerable territory and exerting a moulding influence in the forming stage of society. Otherwise the ground will be pre-occupied by others (as it ought to be by *some* denomination,) who often draw in our own members; and thus our strength is diminished, and the way often paved for increased difficulties in future. H.

For the Independent.

WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

NILES, Mich., Dec. 13, 1850.

EVANGELISM IN THE WEST.

Time was when the labor of evangelists was in high reputation and was much sought after in New England, New York, New Jersey, Virginia, and in still other parts of the Union. Men performing such service might here be named, as those honored of God and esteemed in the church.

Revivals of religion and great religious awakenings there were, of most precious memory.—If in any quarter there is now felt to be no demand for such an order of men in the ministry, this itself does not necessarily and demonstratively prove that it may not be needed somewhere. If men of similar qualifications to those possessed by at least some of the persons alluded to as performing evangelical labor, whether they have departed to their reward or are now living—if such men exist now, (and why may not the Holy Ghost raise them up?) they may be imperiously called for in the Great West, to say nothing of other sections of the country. That they are so needed, it will be the object of the present communication to show.

1. The local condition of individual churches demands foreign ministerial aid.

An evangelist, in primitive times, was employed chiefly in laboring among the destitute, and in founding churches: in the present age, he is often called on to labor, for a season, in churches already organized, and, too, having a settled ministry, by preaching and other services in protracted meetings. It is in this latter aspect that the subject will now be considered.

The piety and the pulse of the church may be low; the spiritual energies of Zion may be prostrated; and the heart of the people may fail them at the thought of making an attempt, unaided, at a spiritual resuscitation. The more dispirited are they when they cast their eye about them—so great is the worldliness, so thoughtless are impenitent men, so hot are the multitude in the pursuit of gain, of honor, of pleasure, and of the many perishable vanities of earth, and so skeptical and hardened are not a few of the many. No one but he who has been on the ground for years can tell what sad moral effects all these causes produce on the public mind and heart. The love of novelties, the rush into everything hopeful, the changes by arrivals, growth, and departure, and the general excitement and whirl of the stirring, active, ever-doing-something Western mind, abstract the thoughts from religion and absorb the feelings and affections in what is foreign thereto and is soul-destroying in tendency. And it is painful to know how some members of eastern churches, coming west to reside, remain for years unconnected with churches here and perhaps unknown as professors of religion, until a searching work of divine grace discovers them, and while in this lapsed state are undistinguishable from the impenitent, thoughtless world around them. And members of churches here, though cared for and looked after, are too often unfavorably affected by the general state of the community.

In this condition of things, what can be done? The pastor and the spiritual in the church, see and mourn over the condition in which they are, and "sigh and cry over the abominations" done in the place! But where is the instrumental power adequate to arrest the downward progress of religion and morality, to stop the maddening current that is setting towards the maelstrom of perdition, to awaken attention to higher and more important things, to hold the mind in solemn pause and sober thought long enough to ensure conviction of eternal truths and to render the cases hopeful of repentance and salvation! Oh! how the spirits sink within one, like lead on the soul, in deadening, paralyzing despair! God still lives, it is true: and he will hear prayer; but he works by means and instrumentalities: and where are these? while depending on God to bless, the Macedonian cry must be sent out for foreign ministerial aid. But,

2. The adjacent settled ministry cannot render aid to the extent required.

Even if such ministry could leave their own people unsupplied, to assist in protracted meetings, for weeks together, they might not be suitably qualified for such a peculiar work: now and then one may be found in the west: some good laborers of this kind we once had, but they have gone, to do good elsewhere. The mass of the ministry do not feel themselves qualified to take the charge of a protracted meeting and so to conduct it, for weeks in succession, as to draw in the people, to hold the attention, and, under God, to convict and convert the souls of men. The very few who *are* fitted for this work cannot be absent from their own charges long enough to go through a systematic and a permanently salutary course of preaching, instruction, and varied labor: and if the work cannot be well done, it had better be left altogether undone! In addition to all this, the places are so numerous that need such aid, and withal so remote from each other and from those pastors who are qualified to perform the services required, that it would be utterly impossible for the settled ministry to answer the calls. Therefore,

3. An order of evangelists can alone meet the exigencies of the case.

Men who are untied by a pastoral bond and are not seeking a relation of this nature—men who are consecrated evermore to the peculiar work of strengthening feeble churches, and spiritualizing stronger ones, and of aiding the pastors and the spiritual of their flocks in an endeavor to save the impenitent, and who can spend their whole time in such work and can go readily from one place to another, however distant, as the Macedonian cry is sent up for help,—such men are wanted—such men alone can meet the exigencies of the case—the demands on this field.

But, let it be well understood, that they must be persons of certain qualifications, while the number of such men should be sufficient to supply the demand:—they should be qualified by some previous experience in revival efforts; first, it may be, under the direction and counsel of some older and well accredited revivalist, whether evangelist or pastor, and next when they themselves take the sole responsibility. And, it would greatly add to their usefulness as evangelists, if they also had experience in the duties of a settled pastor for a while—for a few years. Evangelists thus previously prepared, will know how to commence a meeting in a special effort, how to sympathize with the pastors, how to act as pastors themselves for the time being, and how to leave the church and the converts, after the meeting is closed, in love with their own pastor, and with him, trained for continually progressive action in the cause of God.

Consistently with these requisites, it is obvious that evangelists should be sound in scriptural doctrine, and not novices in learning. They should also be discreet men, not rash, nor imprudent and in measures extravagant.

They should, above all, be holy men—fully consecrated to God, full of love, and faith, and the Holy Ghost: men who can discern spiritual things, with whom is the secret of the Lord, and who always carry with them the credentials of their appointment—the power and the demonstration of the Spirit, eventuating in the fruits of holiness and salvation.

If there are men of this description, let them come and let them be well sustained both by the churches in which they labor and by other friends of evangelical effort in the great, growing, needy west.

This, it will be perceived, is an enterprise distinct from that of the A. H. M. Society, whose aim is both to pioneer and to aid feeble churches already organized in supporting their pastors. But though distinct, it is not hostile to that noble enterprise but highly subservient to its interests, by rendering some feeble churches independent of missionary aid, by increasing the ability of the churches to contribute to the funds of that Society, and by opening new fields for the operation of that body in places in which a dying church is resuscitated and calls for a pastor, and also at points where the souls converted while attending on a neighboring protracted meeting, form the nucleus of a new church organization. E. C.

For the Independent.

THE TENDENCIES OF RECENT SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION.

HUGH MILLER'S "FOOTPRINTS OF THE CREATOR."

It is most cheering to the Christian of our times to see how the recent investigations, in every department of science, all converge to one point—to establish the truth of Revelation. The astronomer has taught us that there is a depth of meaning and a sublimity in the beautiful strains of David, which he could never have conceived, when he sang, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work." He also taken tables and numbers, goes back into the decades of the past, and *fixes* the age of the sacred writings in the very case where the historical evidence was somewhat uncertain, and can show plain allusions to facts connected with the mechanism of the heavens, of which the human mind has always been ignorant till recently. And this being so, the Bible is not only authentic, but the Omniscient mind is its author. The historian of the present day is not content with mere fact and narrative, but he finds a law, and a clear intelligent plan guiding all the past and present movements of the world. And this plan could have been conceived by none but the Eternal Mind; and the line of its development is clearly toward the establishment of His reign on earth. The antiquarian brings up his witnesses from their entombment of 3,000 years. He shows us the "tower of Jonah," with inscriptions upon it of his mission to "Nineveh that great city," as well as numberless other relics, to testify both to the fact of prophecy fulfilled, and to the literal accuracy of Scripture history. And the geologist, who at first, like the astronomer before him, filled the lovers of the Bible with alarm, now digs up from the deepest bowels of the earth weapons by which he lays dead the enemies of revealed religion. And all these, with other similar facts, are calculated to fill the man of faith with confidence and exultation.

With these thoughts as a preface, I will, with your leave, Messrs. Editors, call the attention of your readers once more to the late work of Hugh Miller, "The Footprints of the Creator," which you have already introduced to their notice.

First, I would recommend it to all as a most delightful review of whatever geological lore they may have picked up in past years, which is now become somewhat rusty. It will tend to convert what may now be lying dusty and idle into the means of utility and delight, just as antiquated furniture is often brought out from the garret and polished anew, to become the luxury and ornament of the drawing-room. And any one to whom that study is new, will, I am sure, get a taste by reading this book, which he will wish to satisfy by farther research.

Another thing which will deeply impress the careful reader of this book, is the beautiful simplicity of truth and the clearness of facts, as contrasted with the mere dreams of fancy and theory. He will be surprised to see how a few simple facts, connected in their proper order, utterly demolish a proud and boastful system of "science, falsely so called."

But a part of the book which will interest many minds more than any other, is the dexterous use made of Hume's argument against miracles. The very weapons of infidelity forged in days gone by, are now drawn out from the armory, covered with their mold, and used with irresistible force in defense of Christianity.

The "development theory" of the "Vestiges" is contrary to all experience. In all the researches of botany and zoology, both among living and fossil plants and animals, a single instance of development out of a lower into a higher species has never been discovered. The author of the "Vestiges" does not claim that such an instance has been witnessed since man was created. Therefore, in the first place, a man who is fighting against Christianity cannot complain, if he is transfixed with a spear taken from the hands of his own party. Taking Hume's argument as he used it himself, and as infidels have always been so fond of using it, it dispatches the "Vestiges" at a single stroke. No man has ever seen a periwinkle grow into a fish, nor a fish into a porpoise, nor a porpoise into a monkey, nor a monkey into a man. This the "Vestiges" admits, and therefore its theory is contrary to all experience, and by the infidel's own argument is not true.

And after giving his enemy thus a back-handed thrust with this poisoned spear of the great infidel philosopher, Mr. Miller turns square around, and gives the thrust direct. Before, he used the argument as the infidel himself would use it; and now, he uses it in the Christian way. He shows that while that celebrated argument is not good against *facts*, which are and must be, in innumerable instances, established by testimony alone, yet it does hold in testing a *law*, whether it be a reality or a mere theory. The mind never admits the existence of a *law*, which is not proved by a full induction of facts which are either known by observation or solid testimony. It is the uniform operation of law, like the rising of the sun and the rotation of seasons, which properly constitutes experience. And a *law* which is contrary both to experience and known facts, cannot be believed to exist. But the Lamarckian law of development is contrary both to experience and known facts, and must therefore be regarded as nothing better than a dream. He also deals in the same masterly manner with the specious sophistry of La Place, in his argument from the doctrine of chances.

But the interest of the work reaches its climax in the last chapter, on "final causes."

You there see how very rapidly the studies of the geologist, like those in every other branch of true science, are tending to elucidate and establish forever the claims of Christianity. While the historian and the astronomer are both leading the mind of the world to the most sublime convictions of the being and the glory of God, and of the truth of the Scriptures; and the antiquarian is making us see that "time will prove every assertion of the Bible to be true, will explain all its mysteries, and defend it against every attack," the geologist also sees already the chiseled beams and timbers of that glorious temple of truth, which is soon to be reared to the everlasting praise of Jehovah out of those materials which, like the most precious gold and gems, have been the most carefully deposited in the earth. This near vision of the future the author himself thus describes:—(P. 305.)

"There are limits to the field of paleontological discovery, in its relation to what may be termed the chronology of organized existence, which, judging from the progress of the science in the past, may be well nigh reached in favored localities, such as the British islands, in about a quarter of a century from the present time; and then, I doubt not, geological history, in legitimate conformity with the laws of mind, * * * will assume a very extraordinary form. We cannot yet aspire 'to the height of this great argument,' our foundations are in parts still unconsolidated and incomplete, and unfitted to sustain the perfect superstructure which shall one day assuredly rise upon them; but from the little which we can now see, "as if in a glass darkly," enough appears from which to—

'Assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.'"

The following passage shows, in the author's peculiar style, how much superior is the might of simple truth to that of gigantic error:—(P. 313.)

"Such seems to be the true reading of the wondrous inscription chiseled deep in the rocks. It furnishes us with no clue by which to unravel the unapproachable mysteries of creation: these mysteries belong to the wondrous Creator, and to him only. We attempt to theorize upon them, and to reduce them to law, and all nature rises up against us in our presumptuous rebellion. A stray splinter of cone-bearing wood, a fish's skull or tooth, the vertebræ of a reptile, the humerus of a bird, the jaw of a quadruped—all, any of these things, weak and insignificant as they may seem, become in such a quarrel too strong for us and our theory; the puny fragment, in the grasp of truth, forms an irresistible weapon as the dry bone did in that of Sampson of old; and our slaughtered sophisms lie piled up, 'heaps upon heaps,' before it." C. C. C.

Foreign Correspondence.

FROM OUR PEDESTRIAN CORRESPONDENT.

HALLE, Germany, Nov. 23, 1850.

There are not many more disagreeable places in Germany than Halle in the month of November. The streets are narrow, and get little of the sunlight in them. The mud and water settles in the thoroughfares, and never runs off in this season, and the luxury of dry, level side-walks is altogether unknown—what are called "side-walks" being jagged, macadamized paths, which are quite as muddy as the streets. The town, too, has an old, worn, dreary look, which might be interesting in another season, but is gloomy in this. Still, despite all this, for myself I enjoyed Halle quite as much as I could have—a more beautiful place. It is a University town, and as is usual in such places, a cultivated, learned society has gathered in it. I could not form any very definite opinion of the tone of society in Halle, though I would not doubt that the same fact would hold there which does usually in exclusively literary towns:—that society becomes one-sided and less interesting where there is not a mingling in it of men of various pursuits. It happened the first night, as I called on Dr. Tholuck with my letters, I stumbled in on a little exercise of his, which is quite peculiar to him, and was really very interesting. It seems he has always been very desirous of becoming intimately acquainted with the students, and for that purpose allows some to live in his family, and takes them with him on his travels, and is very familiar with them.

With the same object he has commenced during the last year or two, a kind of conversational meeting, where, however, he usually does the most of the talking. There was such a meeting that night in one of his parlors, and as I came in to the crowded room, he was giving an animated description of a journey he had taken the last summer in Würtemburg.

In personal appearance he has decidedly a scholarly air, with a fine forehead and keen eye, though in size he is somewhat small. He spoke with a clear, deep voice, much deeper than one would have expected from his reduced frame. He told, first of his traveling, then of the great meeting of the friends of the "*Inner Mission*" in Stuttgart (the *Kirchentag*, as they call the meeting), of the hospitality of the citizens, and the intense interest of all in the proceedings; then of their own discussions in the assembly, and the narrow escape they had from making it merely an arena of political contests, especially with reference to the Schleswig-Holstein question. Something of the objects, and the great results, also, of the Inner Mission, were touched upon; and finally, he came to what was the more especial subject of his remarks—the former condition of the Universities. He spoke of Halle, of his own connection with it, of the command which some five-and-twenty years ago came to him from the king, to take a professorship in that University which had so abandoned the faith of its fathers. He loved Berlin, he said; in Berlin was his home. His old friends, and many who sympathized deeply in his religious views, were there. He dreaded to leave it. In Halle, among a large and influential corps of learned men, there was only one pastor and a superannuated "*Candidat*," who could in any way stand by him. He was to go there, a young man, with unpopular opinions, to stem the general tide of Rationalism. He had many fears, but he at length resolved to attempt it.—He then described in a most amusing manner, the condition of the University at the time of his coming—the universal rowdyism among the students; the high-flown religious instruction, and transcendental tone even in prayer, so that the people used to look on, almost stupefied. At first, he said, he only had four students who embraced the views he was supporting, and three of these were not especially remarkable for intellectual *acumen*, and the fourth rather prided himself on his deep religious struggles. Rationalism was all the vogue. To be an "*orthodox*" was the mark either of a *Dummkopf*" (dolt), or a "*Fanatiker*" (fanatic). In all that concerned Christian faith and practical religion the University was almost lifeless.

He did not relate the result of his labors. But it may not be unknown in America, that Tholuck's influence under a Higher, has been the means of almost *Christianizing* Halle. With a mind fresh and interesting—even if not always strictly logical—with a learning of wonderful extent and variety, and all the accomplishments of a "man of the world," it is not surprising he has gained a deep influence over the students and the university at Halle. The simple, humble, practical piety, too, which spoke out all through this speech, has worked its way among the minds here; and instead now of there being but one Professor with what are called "evangelical views," the whole Faculty, nearly, are of that school, and the exceptions are the Rationalists. Tholuck's orthodoxy, too, is not of that strict, narrow kind, which one finds now occasionally in Germany, as a reaction from Rationalism—the orthodoxy which dreads inquiry and forbids freedom. It is evident his mind works free yet on all religious questions, and indeed some thoughts of his, of late, on a subject whose philosophical theory demands an investigation from earnest minds everywhere—"Inspiration"—have called forth no little opposition from certain orthodox quarters.

The close of the remarks I have spoken of above consisted mostly of some heartfelt advice on the thoughts peculiar to students—the conceit and self-confidence they are liable to, and the discouragement they will often feel in struggling with their defects, and the strange struggle which with them, as with all, rages between what they desire for the moment and what they desire really; what they "would," and what they "do." His tone was deep and full of feeling; and the whole earnestness of his manner and thought must have reached every heart. I was considerably surprised in what I saw of Tholuck that evening. I had expected to find an elegant, somewhat mystical scholar,

dent Fillmore has declined the invitation given by an old citizen resident in England, to attend the great Exhibition. It is said, if the Emperor of Russia can leave his place of all work to come, surely the President could have spared a few weeks for the visit, without risk to the Union. He would, as President, irrespective of any personal or party considerations, have been received by the English people, not as a "foreigner," nor as any European potentate, but as the Representative of America and its great facts, and as the embodiment and realization of that cheap and good government there which millions hope for here. The visit would have been an event, to the President and to the two countries. It *might* also have increased the probabilities of an Atlantic voyage on the part of the Queen; for it is said that our sovereign *has* talked of a visit to the North American colonies, and in such a case, must have illuminated New York with her presence.

NEW YORK THEOLOGY AND ETHICS, BY AN AMERICAN.

The New York correspondence by the Asia includes a comprehensive libel upon the clergymen of New York by the correspondent of the *Daily News*. From its letter, it is to be inferred that all the New York clergy have agreed upon a new rendering of an apostolic axiom, and have also agreed to preach in concert upon the text thus: WE OUGHT TO OBEY MAN RATHER THAN GOD."

This American writer says that on Thanksgiving-Day the New York clergy, with the greatest unanimity advised passive obedience and non-resistance to existing laws as a Christian duty; that "*some* of them" pleaded the authority of the Scriptures and the sanction of our Lord for slavery; that Englishmen planted slavery two centuries ago; and that therefore it must now be upheld by Americans. The modest American correspondent of the English daily paper sets this forth approvingly, and the most tolerant of editors presents these—to us—outrageous pro-slavery effusions to go forth to his anti-slavery readers. AGRICOLA.

The Independent.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JAN. 23.

MEDITATION UPON GOD.

There is much less of this, it must be feared, in the practical religion of modern times than in that of the elder and the ancient days. Some of the causes of this difference are obvious, or easily traced; others are more remote, yet influential and not imperceptible. In part it is to be ascribed, doubtless, to the mere physical increase of Mankind on the earth, with the mechanical, intellectual, and social advancements which this has produced. Countries that were formerly unknown are now familiar; the dwelling-places of numerous and governing nations. Lands that were almost barren of inhabitants are now densely populated. The population of the globe is immensely greater than of old; and the interests connected with it are both greater in themselves, and greater and more impressive in the aspects they present.—These interests, too, are now presented in mass, as it were, all together, to the spectator. Railroads, steamships, telegraphs, newspapers, have brought the remotest nations into vicinity and connection. When Lord Brougham declared that 'not an axe falls in the American forest but it sets in motion a shuttle in Manchester,' he uttered a truth whose application is wide, though the instance which he cited was but one and imaginary. The nations of the Earth are interlinked; so that each one must act on all the others, and all are framed as parts into a whole. What transpires in India is of interest to us. Whatever stirs the popular heart in this country, or in England, makes its vibrations felt along far seas, and over the shores of distant continents. The Race is becoming, with every generation, more intimately associated. It is being combined, organized. Its interests are greater, and their appearances are more striking.—A cause of this, and at the same time an effect of it, is, as has been suggested, the rapid and manifold advance in all the arts of Commerce and of life. Human skill and human industry have of late years done their utmost to subjugate the earth, and make it pliant to man's will. Wealth is increased by them. The luxuries of the last century are the necessaries of this. Knowledge flies forth from its depositories on every wind, like the odorous breath of the tropics borne abroad on the wings of the mighty land-breeze. Governments become freer, either by steady and grand progression as in England, or by successive revolutions and reactions as across the channel in France. The progress of the Race is constantly forward. It has not been 'marking time' these four thousand years, since the Deluge. Sometimes through the toil and blood of War, sometimes by the milder and more propitious labors of Peace. Mankind has grown nobler, happier, freer, until the Present. The wealth of the Race, its intelligence, liberty, religion, were never before at so high a point as now, of development and culture.

It is natural then, or at least not unnatural, that the attention of even religious and Christian men should now be more attracted to the wants, the advances and the state of the Race; and that the person, the character, and the government of God, should receive, in the comparison, less concentrated thought and less continuous study, than were given to them of old. We are surrounded now by that which reminds us of Man and his works. It is hardly to be expected that the same *relative* amount of consideration should be given to the themes which concern the Invisible, as when the patriarch, upon the bare creation, saw almost nothing about him but the trace and the trophies of the power of his Author. It is to be anticipated that *more* of time, of thought, and of endeavor, should be given to the mastery of the truths concerning Man; that missions should to some extent take the place of meditations; and active effort for human advancement have a higher place than of old, as compared with the contemplation which made to the Hebrew shepherd so many spots sacred as Bethels, bright with the glory that beamed down from the skies.

There are of course other causes combining with this, to produce the result. It is historically true, as it must have been philosophically probable, that theological discussion goes forward under a law of advance and reaction; a law, almost, of oscillation; so that what occupies the effort of one age exclusively, will be likely in the next age to receive less attention. It is so, within the circle of centuries, with the less and specific divisions of the Christian doctrine; and it is so, on the grand scale of ages and epochs, with the grander divisions of truth—into that which concerns God especially, and that which concerns and investigates Man. In earlier times the former department has been more largely considered. In these last days the latter seems coming to be so, in its turn. And it may be that through this swaying, backward and forward, of the mind of the Races between these opposite but harmonious poles of Truth, may be worked out at last the noblest progress in religious knowledge; as by the oscillations of the planets the equilibrium, the stability, and the forward movement of the system is secured.—It is not all the result of error and of sin, therefore, that there is less exclusive meditation than there once was on the themes that concern the Invisible and Divine. The radical, inward ungodliness of man's heart, doubtless contributes to the effect. But we do not know that that is now more active than formerly, among religious men, and are inclined to think that the especial present causes are to be found elsewhere, as we have suggested;—that the tendency of our modern theology toward a too exclusive development of the truths concerning Man, and the tendency of our modern types of experimental religion toward comparatively too little contemplation of God, are to be traced to sources outside of depravity; to this progress and enlargement of the Race, and this natural oscillation of religious inquiry.

Yet evidently this reaction may go too far. It will certainly do so, if we lose for a moment the true and full doctrine concerning God; as Trine yet One; as the personal Creator, Sovereign, Saviour and Sanctifier of men. It will do so, if we do not meditate much upon God, and enter into communion with him through his Son, and draw from him continually our spiritual life. The truths which concern God are first and fundamental in the system of the Scriptures. The truths which concern Man have no use, validity or coherence, except as based upon and conjoined through these. The character of God, and his relations to us, are of all subjects, too, the worthiest to be contemplated. We may draw from them our richest, mightiest spiritual growth. The religious heart is solemnized and made reverent as it meditates upon God. Its humility is inevitably quickened and increased. Its sense of sin, its sorrow for it, are naturally deepened, at the same time that its courage and hope are strengthened. It becomes conscious of a support from above, that is unfailing. A thrilling and inexpressible gladness pervades it, as it rises to a view of God's incomparable majesty; as it remembers his knowledge, and his power, guided by holiness; his eternity of being, sublimed by the love that is illustrated throughout it; his universal presence, as everywhere a presence of grace and purity. As all the matchless and infinite glory of God his Author comes up to a man whose heart is prepared to receive and accept it, as it beams upon his thoughts in his moments of meditation, and most of all as he feels himself accepted and rejoiced in as the child of this Father—who shall describe the joy, vivid yet soft, that flashes through and bathes the soul? Before it all other enjoyment is poor. The pleasures of sense, of taste, of ambition, are smoking rushlights to its empyreal splendor. It is permanent and complete, and satisfies the heart at every faculty. The radiance of it abides upon the character, and lingers and shines throughout the life.

By such intelligent prayerful Mediation upon God, how have the Christian histories of the Past been oftentimes irradiated and sublimed! What pages are there, still warm and rich with a glow of feeling above the flush of Indian skies; to which we turn with an ever new happiness, because upon them Communion with God has left its traces! because in sickness, in prison, in the solitary place, sometimes in the cell of the monk, sometimes in the dungeon of the ardent reformer, the soul has sought its God and Father, has had communion with him, face to face! because it has meditated upon him, until his glory has entered and suffused it, and its joy has been full!

Amid the swift progress of modern thought, we need the stability, the scope, the everlasting strength, which the Doctrine of God, as the Scriptures reveal him, alone can give us. In all our zeal for the advancement of Man, we must have the impulse and the guidance of this; to aid our courage, to assure our success. And in the development of our personal religious character, we need continually the elevating, purifying forces, the depth of feeling, the strength of purpose, the clearness of faith, the richness of spiritual enjoyment, which can be gained only from intelligent and habitual Meditation upon God. S.

REVIVAL SYMPATHIES.

It is a beautiful characteristic of the Gospel, that it is sympathetic in its influence. There are chords of feeling in the Christian heart, that vibrate responsively to the experience of other Christian hearts, and are swayed symphoniously by the same spiritual agencies and motives, however widely separated from each other. A striking illustration of this was recently given at the Mission school in Ceylon, where the reading of a letter from the mission at Oroomiah, descriptive of the revival in that mission, was the means, under God, of producing a kindred state of religious feeling in the Ceylon seminary. Thus one revival promotes another; one church, one mission station, one private Christian glowing with a peculiar affection, will enkindle in others a like frame of feeling, and the heavenly influence extends from heart to heart, from village to village, from land to land; and thus in the latter day, as the magnetic wires shall diffuse through all the earth intelligence and sympathies linking together the family of man as one brotherhood that higher spiritual influence which depends not upon mechanical arrangements, and which in its diffusion outstrips the fleetest agency of thought of man, shall blend in one Christian brotherhood, a ransomed World.

BE PATIENT.

'Learn to labor, AND TO WAIT,' is the just and noble maxim of Philosophy. 'Be not weary in well-doing; for in due season ye shall reap, IF YE FAINT NOT,' is the inspired and sublime assurance of the mind which God enlightened and exalted. Yet it is one of the rarest and most difficult attainments, completely to realize the principle thus suggested. It is vastly easier to work than to wait; to do with our might what our hands find to do, in the joyous hope of immediate return, than to wait when we have done it, with steadfast faith, with patient indomitable confidence, for the fruits of our effort. It is the latter which really tests the faith of the soul; which tests, one might say, its intrinsic and constitutional force, its capacity for endurance. The courage that silently bears and is strong under the knife of the surgeon, is of a nobler quality than that which rushes with a hurrah on lines bristling with bayonets. The energy of purpose that is not daunted by resistance, and does not fail under defeat—that hopes just as readily, and dares just as coolly, and labors just as calmly, as when complete success seemed nigh at hand—partakes of the Heroic. It is the demonstration of clear foresight, of elastic spirit, and of a calm determination that fills the soul. Let the cause for which it is engaged be a noble and just one, the cause of Truth and of Christ, and the men of after times will look back to it with reverence: as we now look to apostles and confessors. The presence and the pressure of God's Spirit are to be traced in its history. It comes as the unfolding of a force which God gives.

And yet, difficult as such patience and calm waiting are, for the fruits of right endeavor, they are justified by the event. When a cause is right, it is certain in the end to be successful. God then is for it; and who shall be against it, effectually or permanently? 'Nothing of God goes down, in *any* struggle.' The true thing is always at last the strong thing. The Universe is so framed, on a basis and with laws of immutable holiness, its Government is so administered, its forces are so guided, overruled and forwarded, that in the end the Right will triumph. It may be only after years of defeat; after ages, even, of obloquy and hatred, patiently borne and slowly overcome. But it will triumph in the end. These years will have passed, these ages will have vanished at last, as smoke-wreaths from the heavens; and then come other years, other ages and epochs. Then the Right that was despised becomes recognized and established. The poor wayfaring man, that was hated and crucified, has burst from the grave, and he rises to his glory. He sitteth there, to rule the World. His spirit is in all things. Everything that we do of truth and holiness is tending toward this. Drop a truth by the way-side, and it will grow at length into the permanence of institutions, into the majesty of law; though centuries may pass before it shall fully stretch its arms to wrestle with the storm, and offer a home to the sweet birds of heaven that come to sing among its branches. Do any noble and righteous act, in the behalf of man, or of Christ and his truth, and like a sweet pure musical tone it shall be heard further than all the confusion and bruit of the markets. It shall never really cease to be heard. The Providence of God shall guard and bear it forward. As men's hearts become inwardly attuned to its melody, they shall joyfully recognize and gladly accept it. The World at last shall own its sweetness. It shall be heard, afresh and forever, in the Paradise of God.

Throughout, the laws of God's System are laws of righteousness; for the advancement of righteousness. Whatever one does from selfish purposes, for present and gross ends, will perish as it is done. But whatsoever one does for noble, just and godlike ends—for the advancement of Liberty, of Truth, of Christianity—shall never die. In its results it shall be perpetual. God will forward it by his might. The world and the Universe shall be better and happier for its occurrence. As the germ to the tree, as the grain to the wheat, as the spring to the stream, as the rising of the sun to the enlightening of the earth, as the hearing of music to the sensation of pleasure—so is the doing of Right to Success. It is the cause to that effect; which that will certainly follow. As God liveth and is just, as the Universe is under his guidance and control, so he who does right shall at last be triumphant. Yea: even as the Reformation which began with a monk swept broadly over Europe, and is to-day around us everywhere with its beneficent power; as Christianity itself began in a manger, and was seemingly crucified upon Calvary, and yet is now young as the Morning, and going forth to subdue the earth;—so every enterprise for the establishment of Justice, for the vindication of God's truth, for the upbuilding of the kingdom of Christ in the world, shall grow and gather, and finally triumph. Give it Time! It asks no more, except the effort of those who love it, and the grace and Omnipotence of Him who accepts it. In the end it shall have recognition and supremacy. Its pillars are adamantine. The thoughts and deeds built into its pile shall never drop out, shall never decay. The ages that close all else on the earth, the ages of Millennial rest and glory, shall be but the period of its perfect accomplishment. S.

MINISTERIAL AUTHORITY.

We have before us a sermon by the Rev. President Woolsey, of Yale College, the title and subject of which is *The Authority of those who watch for souls*. This sermon was preached at the installation of Rev. Samuel G. Coe, as pastor of the Congregational Church and Society in Danbury, Conn., and is published by request of the Fairfield East Consociation. Like everything from the pen of its author, it is marked with classic purity of style, with clearness, simplicity, strength, and order of thought, and with a strong religious tone. Its effect is to give one a deep and solemn impression of the duties and responsibilities of a minister, and to cherish in a church affection and respect for its pastor. The subject was a difficult one; and as Dr. Woolsey remarks, "the discussion of such a subject, on ordinary occasions, would seem to argue, that the minister was not laboring at an abstract point of morals, but had a practical measure to carry, and wished to strengthen himself by taking the fortress of the conscience: or else that he had a natural love of power, which rouses opposition in the breast of a freeman. In either case there would be danger of a collision, and of its unhappy consequences,—the spirit of animosity, and a warping from the ground of truth." But the President of a College, who is not the pastor of a church, could discuss such a subject without a wakening jealousy and distrust, with respect to any personal motives. We are glad that the subject has been presented under circumstances which invite to a thorough discussion of it. What has lurked in the minds of many ministers, what has now and then developed itself in the doings of ministerial and ecclesiastical bodies, what has sometimes occasioned an unhappy division between a minister and his people,—the claim of official prerogative and authority—is here set forth openly with all the clearness, force, and persuasion of which the case admits.

It is with diffidence that we express our dissent from the leading proposition of this discourse; which is—as nearly as we can state it in one sentence—that the *official* character and work of the minister, as distinguished from his *personal* qualifications for his office, give him authority over the church to which he ministers. Our esteem and affection for the personal qualities of the author of the sermon have not wholly supplanted the feeling of deference with which we were wont to regard him in his official character as an instructor, and when we would raise an objection to his views, it seems like the temerity of raising a question in the recitation-room, about his rendering of some difficult passage in the Antigone or Electra. But perhaps the impersonal *Independent* may be allowed that in the way of argument, from which the personal editor would shrink in the way of opinion.

The discourse is based upon Hebrews xiii. 17. *Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves: for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account.*

This passage on the face of it, as it reads in our version, makes strongly in favor of the doctrine of the discourse. We regret that Dr. Woolsey has not given a critical exposition of the text. His exegesis of the passage is of course apparent from the doctrine which he derives from it; but by adopting the term 'rulers' as the equivalent of *hegoumenoi, leaders or guides*, he gives to that doctrine a stronger aspect and expression than we think he intended. Where a doctrine of such importance depends entirely upon the nice critical meaning of the text, we are surprised that all allusion to this should have been omitted.

The first proposition of the sermon is "that there are rulers in Christian communities, and these rulers are they whose business it is to watch for souls. In other words, ministers or pastors are likewise *rulers*." They are such "independently of the mode of their appointment;" which is unquestionably true, if they are rulers at all. They are such "independently of the relative importance attached to the different functions of the ministerial office," and also "independently of the *weight of character* of the individual, derived from age, wisdom, experience, strength of mind, or degree of Christian proficiency . . . The duty enjoined in the text is incumbent on the most enlightened members of a congregation, and is to be fulfilled toward the minister *irrespectively of his mental power*."

Such is the doctrine. After guarding against its perversion, and reducing it to what he considers its just and harmless proportions, the preacher proceeds to apply it in the following propositions:—

First, "The pastor is to determine *what to preach*." On this point there can be no difference of opinion. But this belongs to him as an individual minister of Christ, who is to be governed by conscience and by his responsibility to God, and not as a *ruler* in the church.

Secondly, "The minister ought to coumand his pulpit." This right will not be questioned; but it grows out of the preceding, and rests upon the same ground, with the additional consideration that the church by its very call has given to him the superintendence of the public worship of God. And so the church might commit to him any other power touching its own affairs.

Thirdly, "The minister's opinion as to admissions and discipline, should have weight from his *official station* as a watchman for souls, *apart from the value of his judgment and experience*." Here we demur. The author has already said that obedience is to be rendered to the minister, even by the most enlightened members of his congregation, "irrespectively of his mental powers." The "judgment and experience" of the pastor then may have no value whatever. He may be the veriest dolt that ever crept into the ministry through the loophole of an ordaining council; and yet his bare *opinion* should have "weight" in the most momentous affairs of the church—affairs touching its life and purity—simply from his "official character." How to gauge and measure official character in such a case, and to give it its just weight would be practically a matter of great difficulty. A nodding mandarin in the moderator's chair might answer the purpose. The official opinion separated from all mental capacity to form a judgment and give an opinion is quite an intangible thing. No church having a proper self-respect would be willing to concede anything to it. Where the minister's "judgment and experience" have any weight there is no need of an official opinion to enforce them. Dr. W. seems to carry this matter so far as to give the pastor a *veto* on the action of the church in cases of discipline. He says, "Nor does it seem to me unreasonable that the watchman for souls should have the prerogative of protecting accused members of the church from the action of an excited majority." The contrary was decided in the Reading case, by a very able council of ministers and churches, gathered from all parts of Massachusetts, whose result was drawn up by Dr. E. Beecher, of Boston. The fault in the position is that it assumes the impeccability of ministers, in judgment and in moral character. It is a supposable case that a pastor may be a party with offending members who require to be disciplined, and shall his personal or party bias overrule the voice of the majority? The principle is a dangerous one, and leads to clerical absolutism.

A further application of the doctrine of the discourse is made in such propositions as the following: "The religious teachings of the pastor are to be received with deference, and with respect for his opinion." To this statement as obviously intended, we see no objection. It assumes of course that the pastor is intellectually and morally competent to teach.

"The measures which the pastor may see fit to adopt for the promotion of religion, *ought to be accepted and seconded*." This principle would open the door for the introduction of all sorts of "new measures," to the utter dismay of all lovers of order in the churches. Here again it is apparent that the diversities of intellect, character, and taste among ministers are quite overlooked.

And this suggests what seems to be the main defect in the theory of the sermon. It is too vague to admit a general application, according to the intent of the author, while yet it easily admits of gross perversion. Respect and obedience are due to the official character of the minister, "irrespectively of his mental powers." But there is a degree of mental incompetence at which that respect must cease, and who shall determine the point where the official shall give way to the personal, and the decisions of an imbecile pastor shall be set aside? Obedience to the minister is to be rendered also, "irrespectively of the degree of his Christian proficiency;" but surely there is a state of *deficiency* in Christian character, at which office itself must cease to command respect, and who shall decide when the official must bow to the moral? This point of *moral* character, however, is quite overlooked by the author, in the endeavor to exalt the official. It was worthy of more attention.

According to our understanding of the text, the obedience and submission are qualified by the character of the persons to whom they are to be rendered. These persons were not "rulers," but *leaders or guides*, and were to be deferentially followed as such; not irrespectively, however, of their character and teachings, for believers are elsewhere warned to "try the spirits whether they are of God;" they were to be followed with affectionate respect and deference, so far as they themselves followed Christ,—and *character*, not office, was to be the ground of this deferential regard; character as shown in their faithful and conscientious devotion to their work. Dr. Woolsey admits that the words "obey" and "submit," imply "something more of subjection than the original will warrant."

We have alluded to the station of the learned and estimable preacher as qualifying him to judge of this question from one side impartially. But on the other hand, if he had spent some years in the humble but honorable office of a pastor, his theory might have been modified by experience. He would then have learned, that the only real strength of the pastor is in the confidence and affection of the members of his church, and if he cannot command these, he had better relinquish his work, for he can never prosecute it with profit to others, or with profit to himself. A minister can have more real power, power of the right sort, power over the minds and hearts of men, power to do good, when he throws himself upon the confidence and esteem of his brethren, than when he assumes an official authority over them. And if he cannot gain *this* power, if he is not entitled to it for his competence and fidelity to his work, no other power is worth possessing.

But there is in the human mind a natural love of power, distinction, prerogative, authority, which develops itself in church and state. All the enormities of the Romish hierarchy sprang from the one principle of official power in the pastors of the church. From this arose a despotism over the consciences of men, that for ages held the world in awe; that built the dungeon, forged the chain, and lighted the faggot for freedom of opinion; that made its creed a rod of iron to bruise and break the body when it could not crush the spirit; that invented modes and implements of torture, which the monster who cut off the thumbs and toes of seventy kings, and kept the wretched captives like dogs under his table, or even Nero, the genius of cruelty, had never devised; that sowed Europe with the ashes of martyrs, and drenched it with their blood. All the horrors of Papal despotism were the offspring of a false theory of ministerial power, when the possession of civil power enabled designing men to put that theory in practice. We cannot be too watchful against a principle which has produced only evil.

CONSCIENCE PLASTERS.

One of the most ingenious devices of Satan is a plaster for the consciences of good men, a salve by means of which he gains their consent to do all manner of wickedness in their names.

Any right-minded man at the north, would shrink with horror at the thought of giving over a fellow man to an auctioneer to be sold like a horse. But when the Fugitive Slave Law came into force, some good men were persuaded to give it their sanction by the pretense that the few negroes who should be captured under it, could be at once redeemed and restored to liberty. Many a conscience was soothed by that plaster. Many a merchant made a compromise on that plea, so as to stand fair with the South, and also to stand fair with Humanity. We said at the time, this is all a sham. The fugitive must not trust to it; if he makes up his mind to go back to slavery he must do it with his eyes open, and expecting to get free only by his own exertions. Now what do facts show? An industrious free man was seized in this city as a slave. Some of our citizens came forward to *insure his delivery to the claimant*, by the help of additional counsel, for which they paid $500. All this for "the law" and "the Union." Meanwhile Conscience and Humanity were cajoled with the assurance that conviction was all that was desired, and the man should be brought back again. The man himself was cajoled with that idea. No doubt many were sincere in this, and the man would have been redeemed if that were possible. But oh, ho! here is a new feature of the case. The man is not to be sold to the North. The South protested against it. That would be a bad example for the slaves. That would encourage runaways. When Henry Long was put up at auction in Richmond last Saturday, the auctioneer said, "There is one condition about this sale. Bonds are to be given by the purchaser that this man shall be carried south, and that he shall be sold and kept south;" then clenching his hand, and with a very energetic gesture, and in emphatic language, he declared "that before Long left his possession, he would see that the terms were fully complied with, and he should know his man well, before he gave Long up or received the money."

Long was sold to a Georgia trader. And against this procedure there is no word of remonstrance in journals which have advocated the law, with the salve that its every victim should be redeemed. On the contrary the position taken by the South is commended as proper and necessary, and the rule is that *whatever the South says, must be done*. Oh, shame, where is thy blush!

Now where are the consciences that were quieted by that salve? Are they too sold to the South? Henry Long was sent back to be sold into perpetual slavery, by the power of the federal government. And every citizen of that government who in any way sanctioned the execution of the Fugitive law, every man who did not protest against it, is responsible for putting a fellow-man who had tasted liberty, upon the stand to be sold like a dog into a slavery the most cruel and absolute, and from which there is no hope of escape. That plaster must be torn off from the consciences of good men, though it may leave some gaping wounds.

Another plaster was of this sort. Many good men fancied that in the voluntary return of Onesimus to Philemon, they found a Scriptural warrant for the forcible return of fugitives to southern slavery. And so conscience, which shrunk from the palpable wickedness of selling a man into slavery, eased itself by a learned dissertation upon *doulos*. Henry Long is sent back accordingly. The sermon of Dr. Spencer has preceded him, not quite in the tone of Paul's epistle. But where is Philemon, the mild, humane, Christian master, waiting to receive his reformed factor, not as a servant but as a brother? Alas! Philemon will not receive him. He delivers him over to the auctioneer to be sold south as a terror to his other slaves. So that plaster is torn off from wounded consciences. Let every man at the north understand that the fugitive is not returned to a master who desires to retain him for his own service, but who wishes *to sell him for gain*, and who will sell him into the most cruel and degrading slavery.—Is there a Christian at the north, who will take the responsibility before God, of aiding directly or indirectly to send a fellow man into such a bondage? Is there a Christian who would dare to face that act, at the Judgment?

RHETORIC AND ARGUMENT.

Our secular-religious neighbor gives us a lesson in Rhetoric. We are grateful for it, and will try to profit by it. There is no disputing with tastes. Alison might think it in shocking taste for one to speak of Captain NATHAN HALE, the hero-spy of the Revolution, as a "martyr" for liberty, who "died nobly" in his country's service," instead of stating in the "simplest and driest language," that he was hung like a dog, as he was. Professor Bowen thinks it exceedingly bad taste to speak of the Hungarian "rebels," who in his opinion deserved to be shot *as martyrs* who yielded their lives a sacrifice for their country and their race. And there are those who can see no heroism in the struggles of a captive for liberty if that captive is a *negro*, and who think it very bad taste for one to intimate such a thing.

We hope, however, that the *Observer* will be lenient toward our rhetoric, when it considers that we have not had thirty years' experience in paring and trimming sentences for different classes of readers—North and South, Presbyterian and Congregational, Old School and New, Reformatory and Conservative. Indeed, as to learning to write sentences for A. B. and C, we fear that we are incorrigible.

As we have before remarked, we shall not enter into a controversy about words and tropes. For these we have our partialities: we even fancy a "halo" in certain phases of the moon: but a dispute about words is the most unprofitable of all controversies. In it one has to contend either with a perverse ingenuity, or with what Burke (we believe he is good authority in rhetoric), calls "uncandid dullness." Above all things, in a discussion of principles give us ideas and arguments. For these we have waited patiently, ever since our contemporary—than whom none understands better the use of the pen—took this matter out of the hands of verbose and tedious correspondents. But as yet we have had only frivolous criticisms upon words, written with an adroit shying of argument. At last the argument is promised. This week we are to have something manly and refreshing, which shall certainly receive attention.

THE GOLD IN THE CRUCIBLE.

Supposing it to be pure gold, with some measure of alloy, that is put into the crucible, it is put there for the purpose of purification; and the just consequence of its being melted, and of the glowing heat, is that the dross rises to the top. Now this process, while it is going on, sometimes almost reduces the Christian to despair, for it seems as though there were nothing *but* dross in him. The gold is in fusion, and the dross in motion; and the dross becomes more perceptible; nay, that is one object of the gold being placed in the crucible, that what was concealed and invisible before, may become manifest, may rise to the surface, and be taken away. But it is a very mortifying discovery, on being put thus to the trial, to find such an unexpected amount of evil in various ways made known. Yet it is much better that it be revealed than concealed; and if affliction will bring it out when nothing else would, if affliction teaches us to know our own selves, when otherwise we should have gone on in ignorance, then most happy is that discipline, and most merciful is God in causing us to pass under it.

We may have supposed we were going on well, and that all things were going on well with us. The piece of gold lying in a goldsmith's shop, or set carefully as a jewel, may seem to an ordinary eye to be pure gold, but the eye of the master, and the tests applied to it, may show that it has much base material mingled with it, which must be detected and removed, in order that the gold may be refined and prepared for the noblest and best purposes. All the gold in the shop of the great Refiner is destined for the "*many crowns*" of the Lord of life and glory, and must therefore be pure; he will admit of no alloy, and before it be taken from the shop to be placed forever in its heavenly setting, the alloy must all be removed, and the refinement perfected. Some pieces need for this purpose to be oftener in the crucible than others; there is no gold on earth so pure but it needs the crucible, none so bright and shining, but the crucible might discover dross. And oftentimes the dross not only seems, but is, much more abundant than the gold. But the whole piece, though greatly reduced in dimensions after it has come from the crucible, is far more valuable than before.

There are few things so important for the Christian, as the right improvement of his times of trial. If he makes the best use of them, they will prove, in an eminent sense, the Sabbaths of his soul, the most heavenly stages of his pilgrimage. But in order that a season of trial may be thus blest, some things are to be marked, strongly marked, and adhered to. Such a season is a very sacred time with the soul, a very costly and precious time with God, a very critical time with the soul, and we had almost said an anxious time with the Saviour. For he sits as a Refiner and Purifier, watching the crucible, and the question is, will his own heavenly image come out clear and bright when the dross is removed, and the surface of the gold is clear and shining? Will the dross rise and be taken away, and the face of the Redeemer be reflected? And may we not suppose that others, too, are watching such scenes of trial? Do not the angels and ministering spirits wait, and as it were crowd around the Great Refiner, as his work goes on, anxious to behold, with him, the lovely developement of his own countenance, as he bends over the gold he is purifying? And oh, when they see it shining, what joy the heavenly appearance gives! If the whole heavenly creation waiteth and longeth for the manifestation of the sons of God in glory, if the thronging universe of angels and archangels are looking unto the coming of the Saviour, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and admired in all them that believe; in some wondrous degree, also, and with great blessedness in the result, must they often be watching with anxiety when they see a soul passing through great trial and rejoicing with a joy unspeakable and full of glory, when they see that soul coming out bright. Yea, if there be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, as the result of all God's work of Truth, Providence, and Grace, there must be joy in heaven also, when a Christian is passing through a scene and season like the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and issues from it in the full light of the Saviour's countenance, with every grace brightened and strengthened by the conflicts, temptations, and dangers experienced.

But a thing specially to be noted is this—that the process of refinement, while it is going on, may be a very uncomfortable process for the Christian, and he may feel as though it were certainly anything but a refining process, since, while it is going on he sees nothing but corruption, and perhaps sees more and more of that daily. Well, this is one proof that the Refiner is really at work. You thought that the gold which shone so brightly, was *all* gold; now your Redeemer is putting it to such trials, and causing the dross to rise so visibly, that it seems to be all *dross*. If the end is true self-abasement and humility, if you are brought to the feet of the Redeemer with a deeper sense than ever of your dependence upon him, your need of his grace, the strength and depth of your besetting sins, and the sinfulness of all your inward defilement, and if these things awaken in you a more constant and fervent spirit of prayer, then the trial is a happy one. The trial of your faith is much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire; and it shall be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.

Now it is of unspeakable importance that the purpose of God, in causing you to pass through such *crucible experience*, should be effected, should be thoroughly accomplished in you, and not defeated. It is sad to have need of being put into the crucible at any rate, but all Christians need it. But it is sadder yet, indeed it is woful beyond expression, if after all the heat, the melting, the effort at refinement, the dross remains still; if when the gold is taken out, the dross has not been separated, but comes out with it, then another crucible, another fire, and other expedients will be requisite, unless God abandons the metal as worthless. And sometimes all discipline does seem to be wasted: and that is realized in the character which God speaks of in regard to some of old: "The bellows are burned, the lead is consumed of the fire, the founder melteth in vain, for the wicked are not plucked away. Reprobate silver shall men call them, because the Lord hath rejected them."

In the hour of trial, therefore, the Christian must set it down as an unquestionable truth, that the hand of God is especially upon him, that the discipline of God with him has a special and solemn meaning, and he must try and find it out. It is not an ordinary providence, whatever it be; neither doth affliction spring out of the ground, nor trouble come from the dust, nor is there any thing common or accidental in it. It is God's work, for a great and gracious purpose. What is that purpose? This the Christian has a right humbly to ask of God, and the more earnestly he desires and seeks to know exactly what God means, at what the finger of this affliction points, the more certainly he will reap the full benefit of the trial. He will find out its object in the end and result of it, if not before; for he will find that the trial so used, brings him nearer than ever to God, quickens his soul in prayer, makes him more child-like, submissive, confiding, more anxious to know what the Lord will have him to do, and more joyful in God's service.

One of the first duties, then, under the pressure of trial, is that of humble, anxious, prayerful self-examination. In the whirl of our busy life, this duty, in times of prosperity, is greatly neglected. A Christian becomes satisfied, if on the whole he seems to himself to be tolerably punctual in the performance of certain stated religious exercises, without urging a very strict inquiry as to the habitual frame of his spirit, as to his deficiencies, as to his conformity with the world, as to his earthliness of mind, or his want of a fervent interest in the things of his Redeemer's kingdom. He may go through the routine of those duties, which he cannot habitually neglect or omit, without relinquishing his Christian hope altogether, and yet his heart may not at all be panting after God, nor hungering and thirsting after righteousness. He may in truth be in that state, which the word of God characterizes as being *at ease in Zion*, and yet he may be quite unconscious of the reality of that state in himself, and quite insensible to the great sinfulness of it. Thus he may be actually wandering from God in a manner the more dangerous, because not marked, open and positive, because so gradual and concealed from observation. And if God should let him go on in such a course, it might be his ruin as effectually and certainly as a career of gross and open apostacy. He becomes like a vessel settled on its lees, of which the contents are greatly injured or spoiled, because they have not been poured from vessel to vessel, but have remained with the same sediment, hardened at the bottom, or else in solution. What is described as the result of habitual prosperity with worldly men, takes place also in the hearts of Christians thus settled on their lees; *because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God*. Not that this charge would be admitted by the Christian in the same manner, or be just against him to the same degree, as in the case of a worldly man; but he loses that sensibility to sin, that pain to feel it near that tenderness of conscience, and that anxiety to please God, which a worldly mind never experiences, and which constitutes no small part of the true and genuine fear of God, in an obedient, submissive, prayerful soul.

Now it is the neglect of these graces that leads to, and in the end constitutes that sad and dreadful habit denominated lukewarmness; and that habit, if not broken and repented of, leads in the end to entire separation from God, and spiritual death. The experience of the crucible is the only thing, sometimes, that prevents this. C.

During a flying visit of a few weeks last summer, I wrote a number of letters, and among others, the following—not so much to describe minutely the scenes visited, as to express the *effects* which they produced upon my own mind. If they have any value, therefore, it must be found in their egotism. The utter intoxication of delight experienced by a sensitive mind on visiting the scenes of old England, which he has dreamed about from childhood, cannot be *explained* except to those who need no explanation If one cannot imagine it, or has not felt it, no words will help him. The letter is just as it was written on the spot, and not painted up afterwards. A few passages have been omitted, but none added. H. W. B.

A SABBATH AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

AUGUST 4th, 1850.

My Dear ——: If you have read, or will read, my letter to ——, you will see what a wonderful day was Saturday. Coventry famous for the legend of Godiva, of which Tennyson has a pretty version; the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, the stately Castle of Warwick and its Park, and Stratford-on-Avon, all in one day! Do you wonder that my brain was hot and my sleep fitful that night? I tossed from side to side, and dreamed dreams; long after midnight I began to rest free from dreams, but the sleep was thin, and I broke through it into waking, every half hour.

It was broad day-light when I rose; the sun shone out in spots; masses of soft, fleecy clouds rolled about in the heavens, making the day even finer than if it had been all blue. I purposed attending church in the morning, where Shakspeare was buried; in the afternoon at Shattery, a mile across the fields, where the cottage in which lived Anne Hathaway, his wife, still stands; and in the evening, at the church of the Holy Cross, adjoining the Grammar School, in which, as the school about that time was open, and for a period kept, it is probable that Shakspeare studied.

Never in all the labors of a life, not wont to be idle upon the Sabbath, have I known such excitement or such exhaustion. The scenes of Saturday had filled me with such a tide of feeling, the every visit to various points in Stratford-upon-Avon, had so added to the intoxication, that, as I sallied forth to church, I seemed not to have a body. I could hardly feel my feet striking against the ground; it was as if I were numb. But my soul was clear, penetrating, and exquisitely susceptible.

You may suppose that everything would so breathe of the matchless poet, that I should be insensible to religious influences. But I was a stage beyond that. The first effect last night of being here, was to bring up suggestions of Shakspeare from everything; I said to myself, this is the street he lived in, this the door he passed through, here he leaned, he wandered on these banks, he looked on these slopes and rounded hills. But I had become full of these suggestions, and acting as a stimulus, they had wrought such an ecstatic state, that my soul became sensitively alive to every influence, whether of things seen, or heard, or thought. The children going to church, how beautiful they seemed; how good it seemed to walk among so many decorous people to the house of God; how full of music the trees were, music not only of birds, but of winds waving the leaves; and the bells as they were ringing rolled through the air as a deep dinpason to all other sounds.

As I approached the church, the church-yard was to be passed, and an avenue of lime trees meeting overhead, formed a beautiful way, and my soul exulted to go up thus to the house of God. The interior was stately and beautiful—it was *to me*, and I am not describing anything to you as *it* was, but am describing myself while in the presence of scenes with which you are familiar. As I sat down in a pew close by the reading desk and pulpit, I looked along to the chancel, which stretched some fifty or sixty feet back of the pulpit and desk, and saw upon the wall, the well-known bust of Shakspeare, and I knew that beneath the pavement

s ago, either from the wood
from one taken from it.
later.—Alas! I've been out,
iries, have asked after my old
him to be living in the poor-
confess to a little shame at
per, but in a moment I felt
ned that for a moment I had
ugnance toward the old man
rather believe his story of the
e—at any rate, I have a mul-
ch I procured in Stratford-on-

r things which I determined
ngland were the *classic birds*,
rush, the *nightingale* and the
desired to see cuckoos, starl-
While in Birmingham, going
nanufactories, I was inquiring
some of the first-named, when
o escorted me pointed across
hanging from a second-story
l, "there's a lark!" Sure
le cage and standing upon a
grass stood the little fellow,
nset brown wings and lighter
h color, singing away to his
and mine. The song remind-
its notes, of the canary bird.
had innocently supposed that
I read when first beginning
books, was our meadow lark;
ched in vain to see them rise
air! And as for singing just
s gate" or the sun, I set that
ancy of the poets.
cage is not half a bird; and I
a lark at Stratford-upon-Avon,
scared up. And so, early this
e, according to a predetermina-
out through the fields to a beau-
rounds called "Welcome." I
ds and saw birds, but no larks.
e already in the wheat fields,
mind the fable of the lark who
young there. Far over, toward
see black specks of crows walk-
picking up a morsel here and
ss. I listened to one very sweet
near a farm-house, but it was
ear, and no one was near from
quire. Besides, the plain labor-
w little about ornithology, and
l me that "it is some sort of a
s if *I* thought it were a goose;
o myself, I've had my labor for
ll, I will enjoy the clouds and
s of blue that interlace them. I
y judgment of the English trees,
looking over upon the masses of
e single trees dotted in here and
e every shade of green, and all
eautiful, and as refreshing to me
. After standing a while to take
this high ground, of Stratford-on-
beautiful slopes around it, and
Avon, I began to walk home-
heard such an outbreak behind
me about quick enough; there
as he rose, and rising gradually,
but with gentle slope, there was
lark, not half so happy to sing
ear! In a moment more, he had
mit of his ambition, and suddenly
e grass again; and now, if you
thusiasm, I will pity you for the
have heard *one* poet's lark, if I
her, and am much happier for it.
rait a moment or two, till I can
shall have the benefit of a stroll
y—a real old English village. I
re, yesterday afternoon, to church,
and so can show you the way
ng it three times, as I did then
the village, we take this level
either side with hedges and trees,
stems but ruffled from the hedge
with short side branches, which
very beautiful appearance. The
rf under foot is soft as velvet;
ir the fields, or going past with
We have walked about a mile,
lane turning to the left, and a
inting to "Shattery." I see the
ment's walk brings us to a very
rn cottage, quite in style, made of
and painted cream color; it is
oses, and fragrant flowering vines,
he air delicious. By the gate is a
e—the largest I ever saw—its
ng. I should think, more than
d terminated with clusters of buds
, each cluster having from fifty to
. Yesterday afternoon, as I pass-
cottage, I stopped to admire this
feed upon the delicious perfume
from the grounds. A lady, ap-
st forty-five, and two young wo-
ghteen and twenty years of age
eeing a stranger, approached the
d and asked,
hampney rose?"
sette, sir!"
so; a Champney of the Noisette
you tell me what flower it is that
th such odor?"
ow; it must be something in the

be kind enough to tell me the way
way's cottage?"
first lane to the left," said the eldest
, pointing to the right.
on the *right*, you mean!"
on the *right*, but I do not know
ottage is exactly!" and yet it lay
good stone-casts from where they
can see it's smoke from the win-
hey not know, or were they asham-
familiar with a stranger? Either
very creditable to their intelligence.
hakspeare, eighteen years old as he
eed of asking his way, as he came
abbath evening! What were the
uch a mind drawing near to the
ow peeps out from the trees across
e right? What were his feelings,
l which created such forms of love
? I look upon the clouds every
nging forms, upon the hedges or
which, or such-like, Shakspeare
th his sweet Anne; and marvel what
ginations, the strifes of heart, the
nderness, the sanguine hopes and
of this young poet's soul. For
he had begun to give form to that
created in him. One cannot help
Olivia, Juliet, Desdemona, Beatrice,
ogen, Isabella, Miranda, and wonder-
any of his first dreams were after-
ed to form these. It is not possi-
strokes of his pencil, in these and
n of Shakspeare reproduced some
is own experience, if we could only
ell, I imagine that Anne was a little
n high, delicately formed and shap-
ender, with a clear broad forehead,
wide and evenly filled out, an eye
look down mostly, but filled with
sion, every time she looked up, and
re than her tongue; a face that
ther than it laughed, but so smiled that
vorld of brightness within, as of a
behind an alabaster shade, with a
was deliberate but graceful and
is my Anne Hathaway. Whether it
eare's I find nothing in this cottage
es and verdant hedges to tell me—
singing something about it, descen-
very birds that the lovers heard,
her, doubtless, but I doubt their tra-
—I did not care to go in. There are
tenants in the lawn cottage as it now
iddle one is that to which pilgrims
world do come, and though it was
n yeoman's home, and his daughter
single record of herself, she and
immortal, because hither came the
are, and she became his wife. I
this hedge yesterday afternoon, it
n, and looked long at the place, and
elings than thoughts, or rather with
t dissolved at once into feelings,

What a wonderful power is that by which a mind may clothe inanimate objects with its own attributes and interests. Here are the rudest cottages, scenery, beautiful indeed, but not more so than thousands of other places; but men of all nations and of every condition, the mingled multitude of refined men are thronging hither, and dwell on every spot with enthusiasm unfeigned. Whatever Shakspeare saw, we long to see; what he thought of, we wish to think of; where he walked, thither we turn our steps. The Avon, the church, the meadows lying over beyond both; the street and the room where he was born, all have a soul imbreathed upon them, and all of them are sacred to us, and we pass as in a dream amid these things. The sun, the clouds, the trees, the birds, the morning and evening, moonlight or twilight or darkness, none of them here have a nature of their own, all of them are to us but memorials or suggestors of Shakspeare. God gave to man this power to breathe himself upon the world; and God gave us that nature by which we feel the inspiration. Is this divine arrangement exhausted in man's history? Are we not to see and know a sublime development of it when we come to a knowledge of God himself, face to face? Then not a hamlet alone, a few cottages, a stream or spire will be suggestive; but throughout the universe, every creature and every object will breathe of God. Not of his *genius*, as Stratford-on-Avon speaks of Shakspeare; but of every trait of character, every shade of feeling, every attribute of power, of goodness, love, mercy and gentleness, magnanimity, exquisite purity, taste, imagination, truth and justice. May we know of his revelation and walk amid the scenes of glory, and know the rapture of feeling God effulge upon us from everything his heart has conceived, or his hand fashioned; but chiefly may we see that noontide glory when we shall gaze upon his unobstructed face.

*

REDUCED POSTAGE—NOT CHEAP POSTAGE.

It has pleased the House of Representatives in Congress, by a large majority, to pass a bill entitled "An Act Reducing Postage"; by which they reject the deductions of experiment, and the demonstrations of arithmetic, and deny the reasonable requests of many thousands of enlightened citizens, all of which were in favor of Rowland Hill's system of "Cheap Postage"—and to prefer a plan which is favored neither by the deductions of experience, the calculations of science, nor the petitions of the people, by "*reducing* postage" on the old and worn out system. The bill as passed is a very crude affair; the present House having made itself incompetent for every well-considered action on any subject. Yet it is a cause of rejoicing that the thing has passed, even in this shape. It shows how small a number there were, who dared to record their names against all postal reform. And it pledges the House in favor of change in the right direction. And it emboldens the friends of Cheap Postage with new hope, that by strenuous and perseveringefforts, the true system may even yet be adopted by this Congress. The business is now in the hands of the Senate, and we have been credibly assured that the majority of the Post-office Committee of that body are in favor of the two cents rate. We know that the Chairman, General Rusk of Texas, is warmly engaged for that rate. And we confidently believe that a decisive majority of the Senators will give their votes, when the time comes, in favor of amending the bill, by striking out *three cents* and inserting *two cents*, wherever the words occur. We have very little doubt that the House will concur in such an amendment. Having gone so far, they will now feel emboldened to go for the whole. They will neither wish nor dare to defeat entirely the wishes of the people on such a point. Let the Senate make it two cents, and the House must concur, or lose the bill. We have no fears that they will refuse. And if they do, we had rather leave it so, and let the men who do it go home after the third of March, and hear what their constituents say. The country can better afford to have the whole of this Congress, than to have this awkward bill passed into a law.

NOTE FROM DR. BACON.—We are indebted to the kindness of Mrs. Bacon, for late intelligence from our associate. He left Paris on the 6th of December; went by Lyons and Avignon to Marseilles, thence by steam to Leghorn, touching at Genoa; after visiting Florence, thence to Civita Vecchia, and so to Rome. We are permitted to publish the following extract of a letter dated Dec. 24th, which contains the gratifying intelligence that the American Chapel is not closed, and that the conspiracy of the Propaganda is defeated:

"The American Chapel here is becoming quite an affair. The strictly ecclesiastical influence here—the influence concentrated in the Propaganda—has lately made an attack upon it, and has insisted that the permission to have such a chapel shall be withdrawn. But partly through the personal good nature of Pius Ninth, and partly through the liberality and political wisdom of Cardinal Antonelli, his Secretary of State, the action was defeated. The ordinary congregation there is less than a hundred, including English and Scotch, as well as Americans; but the American Chapel at Rome is a *fact* (which is a great affair in this country, where new facts are scarce), and it is likely to become a fixed fact. Let God be thanked. The Christianity of the Apostles is almost as free here now as it was when Paul was kept a prisoner two years, in his own hired house, waiting for a hearing before Nero. I hope to meet a little congregation of my countrymen on the next Lord's-day, in the American Chapel at Rome, and to preach to them."

Dr. B. was looking forward to attending the Christmas services in St. Peter's.

BARBARISM IN VIRGINIA.

Last Saturday, in the streets of Richmond, Va., there was a public sale of human beings as cattle. A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, who was an eye-witness of the scene, describes it thus:

"One legitimate black, about 22 years of age, sold for $900. An old man sold for about $85. A good looking mulatto boy, of 19, was knocked off at $800. His mother, who is a cook here in the city, was present. The boy has been in a factory here. When he found that he had to go to Danville, he burst into tears,—the mother, too, sobbing and sighing in a subdued and smothered tone, exhibiting a spontaneous burst of grief that to them was irresistible. The boy said that he had been at Danville before; that there was no chance for him to make anything; that they worked him from daylight until dark; and again weeping bitterly, he turned away, a perfect personification of a forlorn hope."

About twenty persons, male and female, were sold at that stand. The auctioneer then removed to another stand, where he sold another lot of about twenty boys and girls. But the great feature of the day was the sale of HENRY LOSE, who was sent back to slavery by the patriotic exertions of members of the Union Safety Committee of this city. He was sold for $750, the purchaser giving bonds to take him far south. At this sale, the President of the State Senate, and several members of the Legislature and of the Convention now in session, were present, and manifested their joy at the doom of the unhappy victim of an unrighteous law, by loud shouts of applause. The auctioneer ran him up by such comments as these:

"This man is in good health and sound mind. [Doubtful if he is on the slavery question.] I need not give you his history; that is known; and now how much shall I have bid?" Starting the bid himself, he said, "I have only $700 bid. Will nobody bid more?" "I'll give $25 more," said a man standing in front, who bore a very strong resemblance to what the Peter Funks call a "Dummy." "He is a good barber, good hotel waiter, and can work in the field, or do anything. He is worth a fortune to any man; he can be taken around and exhibited at the south—turned to advantage in that way; or he would be invaluable to a slave dealer who has other slaves to sell, by advertising that Henry Long is at his place."

Such is the state of society in Virginia. The sale in her capital of a man captured by fraud and force in a free State, attracts the presence and excites the applause of the civil officers and chief citizens of the Old Dominion. However there is some excuse for Virginia, in her history. William Berkeley, Colonial Governor of Virginia, said in 1675, "I thank God that we have no free schools nor printing presses, and I hope we shall not have any for a hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world; and printing has divulged them and libelled governments. God keep us from both." His successor in 1683, "was ordered to allow no person to use a printing press on any occasion whatever."

It is natural, therefore, that Virginia should be fifty or a hundred years behind New England, but she will one day be ashamed of her barbarism.

THE DECLINE OF POPERY.—A very able discourse on this subject was preached at the Tabernacle on the 15th instant, by Rev. Dr. MURRAY, of Elizabethtown. Our limits this week do not admit of even an abstract of its contents. And indeed this is hardly necessary; for a large edition of the sermon, in a neat pamphlet form has been issued by Harper and Brothers, and will be widely circulated. The sermon was listened to by an immense audience, with great approbation.

On the next evening an eloquent and impressive lecture on the subject of Romanism in America, was delivered in the same place, by Rev. Dr. BERG, of Philadelphia. The audience, as before, was large, and deeply interested.

We shall early take occasion to revert to this subject.

NEW CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The South Congregational church, situated on the corner of President and Court streets, Brooklyn, will be opened for public worship, Sabbath after next, Feb. 2, preaching in the morning by Rev. H. W. Beecher. A large lot has been secured, and a very neat and commodious building erected, containing a lecture-room, study, and rooms for social meetings, Sabbath-school, &c. This church is located in a new and growing neighborhood, whose wants require an increase of religious privileges.

SENTIMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

We have not published any of the approbatory letters received daily at this office during the last few months, because we have no need of endorsement in order either to confirm our opinions or to increase our subscription list. But at the request of several friends who wish to know something of the state of opinion in the religious community with respect to the Fugitive Slave Law, we give a few extracts from the scores of such letters on our files. The letters are valuable also for the arguments and illustrations which they furnish on the great questions which now engross the public mind. They do not come from professed Abolitionists, nor from a limited circle or party, but are the honest expression of thinking religious minds throughout the North and West.

We begin with an extract from a prominent clergyman in the State of Maine, whom not that State only but the whole theological world holds in the highest esteem for his contributions to sacred literature:

"I am glad to hear that *The Independent* is getting on so well in the matter of support. It is well that you have enlisted Dr. Cheever's pen. He will increase the value and the moral force of the paper much. *The Independent* has quite a battle to fight on this question of obedience to human law and the Fugitive Slave Law; but it is doing it vigorously. I am astonished at the ground taken by many ministers in the sermons published in the *Journal of Commerce*, and I am astonished at the fierce and rabid tone of that paper. The editor ought to know, if he does not, the extent of the sentiment he so opprobriously brands, and by what sort of people it is held."

The following is from a clergyman in New Hampshire, who is of a different religious denomination from the editors of this journal. Writing to the publisher he says:

"I send you enclosed $2 for my subscription the *ensuing year*. For the *Independent* I admire its spirit and have the highest regard for its editorial ability. I cannot do without it.

I rejoice to have the present opportunity of acknowledging my indebtedness to *The Independent*. Wishing for it, yourself, the proprietors and editors a long life and the most abundant success, I am

Very gratefully and respectfully yours."

Another clergyman in the Granite State writes to one of the editors as follows:

"You will allow me, dear sir, as a former classmate with you at Andover, moved by the precious recollections of that happy period, to express to you my sympathy in your editorial trials and my glad approval of the courageous and faithful part of yourself and your coadjutors. I value your paper very highly. I regard with special and unfeigned admiration its position on political questions. It is holding up firmly and convincingly a standard for the rich, and a shield for the country—at a time, too, when many strong and beloved men seem to be warped aside by the stress of political expediency, and the eddying currents of popular opinion.

I believe there is a Gospel Rule by which all opinions and legislations must be judged. The divine will is the proper and only safe guide of human enactments. Whatever reactions there may be in the minds of public men, I doubt not that the enlightened intellect and the Christian heart of this country will eventually sustain the higher law. If not, the spirit of 'the Fathers' has departed, and our inestimable civil privileges, the purchase of their prayers, and toil, and tears, and blood, will not long tarry."

A minister in the Bay State sends the following unique epistle:

"——, Mass., Jan. 9, 1851.

Independent—Dearly Beloved:—For the within consideration, $2, please grant me the privilege of looking upon your countenance for another year. The last direction I gave to you was ——, Conn., where, for ought I know, you may still in successive arrivals be awaiting my greeting. Please now take the direction as above, and you will probably find me 'at home' for some time to come.

Notwithstanding your somewhat turbulent propensities, yours still."

A merchant of Boston orders an additional copy of the paper for a friend, and says:

"I take much pleasure in reading your paper, although not *technically speaking* a 'Free Soiler,' and sincerely hope its subscription list may continue to increase, as I believe it is just the organ our community has required for years, and think its right to its name is fully vindicated by its character. Very truly yours."

Another from Mr. Webster's vicinity writes:

"I enclose $2 for *The Independent* for the current year. I think the Fugitive Slave Bill 'all things considered' one of the very best things that could have taken place, for it *will open the eyes of many*. Doubtless it has already done this. Satan has not quite as much foresight as he sometimes imagines. Mr. Hoar's treatment was another excellent thing, and all the heat and sensitiveness of the South. When thousands and thousands of sober Christian men, careless of party alliances, plant their feet upon Bible truth, and *for its sake*, refuse to obey such statutes as this, then is the time for oppression to tremble."

Vermont thus gives utterance through one of her excellent pastors, who has an extensive knowedge of the world. He sends several subscribers voluntarily procured, and adds:

"Deeply interested in your excellent paper, I have taken upon me to act, to a limited extent, for its circulation. That weekly sheet is not, and has not been, which so entirely meets the intellectual, moral and *humane* wants of the American community as *The Independent* does. I love the American people; my hope of Freedom, civil and religious is, under God, with them. And *I* know something, by experience, what hopes have been raised in the people of other countries. Can you wonder then that as a minister of the New Testament I should desire the best welfare of this country? Hence my desire to enlarge the circulation of *The Independent*. The extent and ability of its foreign and domestic correspondence; the unsurpassed excellence, both in matter and dress, of its editorials; the nice proportions of its various departments; and above all, the calm and Christian candor and *correctness of principle* with which it meets and exposes the multiplied and painful derelictions and sophistries on the momentous question of Liberty or Despotism, (that the nation, now finds itself compelled to agitate and discuss) leaves nothing more to be wished for in a weekly newspaper."

A pastor, of several years' standing in New Haven co., Conn. encloses the money for six subscribers, and writes as follows to an editor of the paper:

"I address this to *you* rather than to the *publisher* for the purpose of saying to you how greatly I have been gratified with your course in relation to the odious and anti-Christian Fugitive Slave Law. The sentiments expressed by you accord entirely with my own, as I know them to with those of many of the pastors in this vicinity. I have an opportunity of reading daily the *Journal of Commerce*, and of course of witnessing its indecent and scurrilous abuse of *The Independent*, and of every journal and everybody that dares lift up a voice in advocacy of truth, and of the great fundamentals of Christian ethics. I devoutly rejoice that there is one religious journal, of the highest ability, that fears not to take a manly, dignified, and *independent* position, in reproof of this assault on all the *safe* principles of political science, as upon sound morals; and I assure you there are many of the God-fearing people of our churches who are praying for you, and your cause, that you may have grace to fight out this controversy successfully. And so far as I can judge most professing Christians, not scared by the clamor of the 'Union,' and not connected directly or indirectly with 'Cotton,' sympathize with you. By far the great majority of pastors in New Haven county, east and west, certainly do.

I have not written this under the idea that you need any sympathy, but as one of those to whose mental and spiritual benefit you weekly contribute I could not forbear expressing to you my gratification with your views, with the familiarity of a Christian brother."

Another Connecticut pastor writes thus from Windham county:

"I enclose $2 for my subscription to *The Independent* the present year, and I do it with *great pleasure*. I confess to an early prejudice in favor of the paper which you edit, but that prejudice has changed into a settled conviction that *The Independent* is worth more to me than any paper now published, and more than any I expect soon to see. I have no desire to find fault where I see so much to approve. If I *thank* you for the position you have maintained in relation to several much controverted matters, I do it heartily, and not without an assurance that I speak the feelings of many in this county. Especially in the matter of the Fugitive Slave Law, I can confidently say that you speak the sentiments of a large part of the ministers and members of our churches. We have known something of the fanaticism of one party and of the extreme conservatism of another party; but we do not intend to withhold on any such account the free and well-considered expression of our views. And I question whether there be two clergymen of our connection in the county, who would not subscribe to all the leading points in your statements of principle on this subject. Some, at least, who are far from doing *The Independent* as their guide, openly express their hearty admiration of its course on this subject.

The same thing is true to a great extent of the ministers of New London county. Most of us have yet to learn that the law of God requires us to obey human rulers when they command our disobedience of that law. We wait also to learn who will prove the better citizen, he who follows the letter of a human law to do evil, or he who fears to do that evil and obeys God rather than man. Does the obedience of conscience ever make traitors and rebels? John Davenport, of New Haven, was threatened with prosecution, because he encouraged his people to 'hide the outcast' Judges. Will Dr. Spencer say that he ought to have suffered as a felon?"

From a pastor in Litchfield co. we have the following:

"I wish your paper was in every family in my parish, and if I could afford it I would place it there. It rejoices my heart every once in a while to hear expressions from certain families, which show that *The Independent* has done its work among them. I have spent much time and some dollars in extending the circulation of *The Independent*. I claim no merit for this, for I have been a thousand times repaid by the advance of correct moral and religious opinions among my people."

Another subscriber in the same county, in renewing his subscription, says:

"Enclosed are $2, the subscription price for *The Independent*, which I wish to have continued so long as it shall 'do battle for the truth' as nobly as it has hitherto done, and I shall be able in any way to raise $2 annually, which I hope to remit punctually and without 'grudging.'"

We have enough more of such extracts in type to fill a column, but must stop here for the present, leaving New York and the West to be heard next week. From such voluntary testimonials, of which scores may be seen on file in the publisher's office, together with the fact that we have on our subscription list more than *eight hundred ministers*, and that since the first of January we have received on an average *twenty-five* new subscribers *daily*, very many of them unsolicited by agents—our friends may form some opinion of the position of *The Independent*, and its prospects of usefulness.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

BOSTON, Januury 20, 1851.

MESSRS EDITORS:—Political affairs remain as they were. Nothing has been done in the Senate, but not defeated. It is of course possible that the Democratic party may acquire for themselves the unenviable notoriety of obtaining and holding office under false pretences—and of the most indefensible and unmitigated treachery. But such a result is not anticipated. If there should not be moral principle enough among its members to bind them unswervingly to their league and covenant, they may probably have sufficient forethought to look forward to another year, when their minority would avail them little (if it should be made inglorious now) for the continuance of the power in this commonwealth, which they have begun to hold, and which is all the sweeter for their long famine.

Earth and heaven (so far as by a liberal practical figure that name may be degraded to such companionship) are being moved by the great slave interest, to prevent the sending of a MAN from Massachusetts to our national councils. How far the powers of evil, for wise reasons, are to be permitted to succeed, remains to be decided by the future unfoldings of Providence. Let us thank God that we have in the 94th Psalm a channel for the outflow of those feelings which can hardly fail to follow our perusal of the daily doings at Washington.

The royal mail Cunarder Niagara has been libelled during the past week, by Mr. Collector Greely, for violation of the revenue laws. Goods to the amount of over $5,000 seem to have been smuggled over in her, possibly through the agency of the butcher of the ship, who is missing, without the privity of the captain or officers. The vessel and her apparel having been appraised at the sum of $270,000, and bonds to that amount having been given by the agent here, she sailed on her regular day for Liverpool.

A fac-simile representation of the house where Shakspeare was born, together with a number of illustrative drawings, made at Stratford-upon-Avon, have arrived in this city, and are to be exhibited, with explanatory lectures, by Mr. George May, author of a work upon the antiquities of the town of the Shakspeare's nativity.

Rev. Mr. Boutelle, of Lunenburg, has accepted an unanimous call to the church in Peacham, Vt. Rev. J. D. Butler, Professor in the University at Norwich, Vt., has been invited to succeed Rev. Mr. Field at Danvers.

Mr. Lyman Cutler is to be ordained at Pepperell, on the 22d inst. Sermon by Prof. Phelps of Andover.

The number of students in the seminary at Andover is 93, of whom 26 are in the senior class.

The venerable Mr. Fiske, of Wrentham, who preached his half century sermon the last year, died very suddenly on the 11th inst. He preached and administered the sacrament the Sabbath before his death.

Yours, MORTON.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

REVIVALS.

WORTHINGTON, MASS.—A note from the pastor, Rev. J. H. Bisbee, to the *Puritan Recorder*, speaks of a recent work of divine grace, from which 47 have already been received to the church, of whom 27 are heads of families, and 32 had been baptized in infancy. He says:

"Near the commencement of the last year there began to be a manifest solemnity on the minds of some of the impenitent. Some among the youth were soon hopefully converted. The work thus early commenced gradually *increased* through the spring and summer, and has *continued* until near the present time. It has been *still, deep* and *solemn*. Those who have been hopefully converted have generally had *deep*, pungent, and in some cases *protracted*, conviction for sin. Some appear to have had a most overwhelming view of their vileness. The means used have been the stated ministrations of the Sabbath, with a judicious number of evening lectures and prayer meetings, conducted by the pastor and the brethren in the church, accompanied with pastoral visitations. No foreign aid has been called in."

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—A correspondent of the *Puritan Recorder* says:

"We received last Sabbath twenty-two persons to church-membership, the fruits of a revival during the summer and fall. It had been years since any united to this church, except by letter and transfer, and the occasion was a deeply interesting one. There is also at the present time a greater than the usual amount of religious interest among us; and it only asks wisdom and grace on the part of his people to propitiate the Lord who hath begun to bless, and he will grant increasing measures of a merciful visitation."

CANTON, N. J.—In several of the churches in New Jersey, revivals are in progress. The *Christian Chronicle* learns from Canton that 'some twenty-five within a few days indulge a hope in Christ, in the pardon of their sins, and the conversion of their souls.' About half that number have already been baptized on a profession of their faith. The good work is going on powerfully in the churches at Cohansey and Greenwich."

BETHEL, N. J.—Rev. J. Teasdale, writes, in the *New York Recorder*, that he has been five weeks attending a series of meetings, amidst a powerful work of grace:

"At least one hundred have professed hope, and more than that number are inquiring the way to Zion. I have done ill the preaching for five weeks with the exception of two sermons. The work is constantly increasing. I am at home now to spend one Sabbath—shall return on Monday to labor in that glorious revival."

CANTON, ILL.—The *Watchman of the Prairie* has an account from Rev. S. G. Miner, pastor of the Baptist Church, of an extraordinary revival in that place, connected with the labors of Elder Knapp.

We commenced a series of meetings on Thursday night, October 24, and closed on Sabbath night, December 8. Brother Knapp continued with us between five and six weeks, preaching every night, and occasionally in the day time. His preaching has been of the most evangelical character that I ever heard; presenting the great truths of the scriptures in simplicity and power, that exposed the luke-warm and the wanderer from God, and thundering to the depths of the careless and impenitent sinner's conscience. There was an unction in the speaker, and a conjunction with the word preached, which appeared to make every one feel that God was uttering his own truth with trumpet tongue through an organ of clay, and eliciting feelings of penitence and. The Spirit came down in power, and in three weeks there was a Divine influence pervading the entire village and the country for eight or ten miles distant, and in one direction for twenty miles, and the whole community was moved, some to oppose and others to pray.

The members of the church have engaged in the work of prayer and visiting from house to house, and their labors have been abundantly blessed. At times the mouths of gainsayers have been stopped and almost every individual indicated a seriousness that told of the workings of deep feelings within, and became accessible to conversation on the all absorbing subject of the salvation of the soul. Swearing had become quite common in our streets. But now the whole topic of conversation in stores and shops and every where is religion and the great revival. The oldest inhabitants say there has never been such a display of God's grace in this place and vicinity as this.

The results thus far have been most glorious—Brother Knapp and myself have baptised into the fellowship of the Baptist church 211. Of this number 80 were heads of families; 50 young men and 81 young ladies. Some of these persons were Universalists and skeptics and many of them ring-leaders in vice and vain amusements. They have now changed the ball room and the places of sin for the prayer meeting, and a happier band of converts I have never seen.

CALIFORNIA.—Rev. S. D. Simonds writes, under date of Nov. 30, 1850, "Our cause in San Francisco is advancing. The brethren hold *prayer-meetings every evening*, and more are converted. The congregations are large. The brethren have lately enlarged the house, and it is well filled with attentive hearers. It will soon be necessary to have another church. The cause about the country appears also, from what I hear, to be looking up. I hope soon to share in the work."—*Ch. Adv. & Jour.*

LITERARY.

There is not a more attractive or reliable temperance volume to be found in the market than the volume of Speeches and Poems, by Dr. Charles Jewett, published by John P. Jewett & Co., Boston.

The *Home and Foreign Record* of the Presbyterian Church (O. S.) has been enlarged for this year, and now contains 16 broad 4to pages monthly, at 50 cents a year. It is beautifully printed, and contains the official proceedings of the Boards of Domestic Missions, Foreign Missions, Education, Publication, Church Extension, &c. It is well filled, but experience shows it to be impossible for one sheet to publish all that is wanted for so many objects. Published by the Board of Publication, 265 Chestnut-street, Philadelphia.

The Board of Publication also issue a very neat and useful paper, called the *Presbyterian Sabbath-school Visitor*.

A New Jersey paper says that Prof. Proudfit, of Rutgers College, is engaged in preparing a history of Rutgers [illegible] Jersey.

"No Higher Law" is the expressive title given to a [illegible] Harned, 61 John-street. The Demon of Slavery is sitting on his throne, supported by human skulls, and leaning on the Fugitive Slave bill. Before him is an altar, in the form of an allegorical wild beast of cruel aspect, and a priest on one side is pouring incense on the fire, while a group of hapless men of various complexions, in chains, are waiting on the other side for their turn to be sacrificed. The altar is inscribed, "SACRED TO SLAVERY," and rests upon a huge volume, inscribed "LAW." The Union flag, surmounted with the national eagle, floats beside the throne of slavery. On the left is seen a troop of slaveh unters on horseback, with bloodhounds, in full chase of a flying family, the father of which is battling manfully with the dogs, while a woman at the door of a humble cottage welcomes the flying mother and children. On the right is a figure of Daniel Webster, in the attitude of speech-making, with the words, "I propose to support that bill, to the fullest extent—to the fullest extent." Behind him is the decrepid minster of Liberty, bowed in sorrow, with the Crown of Freedom in his hand, and the Liberty Cap trailing in the dust. In the background, the statue of Liberty is seen tumbling from its pedestal. The whole is wrought with much artistic skill, and tells a story which will make future ages blush for the day that gave cause for such a record.

John P. Jewett & Co., Boston, have in press the first American, from the second London, edition of "History of Greece," by George Grote, Esq. This work is in ten volumes, and is one of the most valuable historical productions of the age. It will be looked for with interest.

The *Commonwealth and Emancipator* is the title of a new weekly paper connected with the daily *Commonwealth*, of Boston. It comes to us well filled. As a matter of taste, a single title is more to our fancy, but the adjunct in this case is not without interesting reminiscences of "auld lang syne."

Professor Holton, of the New York College of Pharmacy, commences his course of lectures on Botany this week. Attendance on this course is necessary to those who wish to graduate in 1852.

Prof. B. W. M'Cready, M. D., of the New York College of Pharmacy, has published his introductory lecture for this year. R. S. Barlow, Printer. He contends earnestly for a legal regulation of the practice of pharmacy, so that no man may be allowed to compound drugs or put up prescriptions without a thorough training and examination. In this country there is no restriction whatever. The case is different in principle from ordinary trade, because the public are not judges of the nature or quantity of medicine, but rely wholly on the apothecary.

The Boston edition of Shakspeare (Phillips, Impson, & Co.,) has reached the 31st number—Alony and Cleopatra.

Prof. H. P. Tappan's late work on "Univsity Education," published by Putnam, is produc an impression here, and may lead to important rults. It is high time New York should make a new ove in favor of higher education.

Charles H. Peirce, Boston, has published interesting volume of practical piety, entitled The Eminent Dead; or The Triumphs of Faith, the Dying Hour; by Bradford K. Peirce; with introduction, by Rev. A. Stevens, A. M." 502 pp. 12 mo.

"The Young Man's Counsellor." A se of Sketches and Illustrations of the Duties and ngers of Young Men, by Rev. Daniel Wise, A. of the M. E. Church.

"The Republic," a monthly magazine of Ari an Art, Literature and Politics, by T. R. Whey, 92 Nassau street. No. 2, for February, has arrative by C. Edward Lester, of a visit to the se in which Columbus was born, at Cogoleto, 18 ls from the city of Genoa.

John Wiley has in press, and will shortly pulish—"Isaish Translated and Explained." By A. Alexander. An Abridgment of the aut's "Critical Commentary on Isaiah." In 2 vols. 8o.

Mr. E. G. Squier is preparing a work on "Ina ragua: its Conditions, Resources and Prospe;" to be illustrated by Maps, Plans and Engravs. The work will present a complete and compens account, Geographical, Topographical, Statisti: their Mines, Harbors, &c., &c., together wi the facts respecting the proposed grand ir- oceanic canal.

CONGRESS.

THURSDAY, Jan. 16.

IN SENATE.—A resolution was adopted calling on the President for all the information in his possession touching the domestic difficulties in Central America, and the proceedings of the British agent in connection therewith. The French Spoliation bill was advocated by Mr. Smith till the adjournment.

In the House, the Postage bill was again taken up. The second section was adopted, establishing one cent postage on printed matter weighing less than two ounces delivered out of the State where published, and half a cent delivered in, unless the delivery take place within thirty miles of the place of publication, in which case no postage is to be charged. The third section was amended so as to authorize the Mint to issue a three cent coin, three-fourths silver and one-fourth copper, and was then passed. A motion to abolish the franking *privilege* was lost by a vote of 44 to 99. Without final action on the bill the House adjourned.

FRIDAY, Jan. 17.

CHEAP POSTAGE PASSED!

Mr. Ashmun hoped the Committee would now vote down all amendments. He had rather pass the bill as it was, than risk any change. After doing this for a while, Mr. Potter moved that the Committee rise. Carried. He then moved the previous question. Mr. Hall, of Mo., moved to lay the bill on the table. Lost, 61 to 139. Then came the conclusion:

"Mr. Jones called for the reading. It provides that on each letter weighing not over half an ounce, a postage of three cents. No post-office or route shall be discontinued, or compensation of postmasters be diminished, in consequence of the passage of this act. On printed matter of no greater weight than two ounces, one cent. Bound books, weighing not over thirty ounces, to be deemed mailable matter. Newspapers delivered in the State where printed, to be chargeable with only half of the foregoing rates. No postage on those mailed to actual subscribers in the county where printed, or within thirty miles, and fifty per cent. to be deducted from the postage of magazines, when paid in advance. Three cent pieces, three-fourths silver, and one-fourth copper, to be coined. Stamps, as now, to be provided and sold at post-offices. Forgery of them to be punished with fine and imprisonment. One million and a half dollars appropriated to meet deficiencies in the revenue. Letters uncalled for, for the period of two weeks, to be published once only. The Postmaster-General to establish suitable places of deposit for letters in cities and towns, to be collected and delivered by carriers at one or two cents each."

The question was then taken on agreeing to the first amendment to the original bill—namely, substituting a three cent uniform rate for the 3 and 5 cent rates, and decided in the affirmative. Ayes 121, nays 83. The other amendments were agreed to, that of establishing penny posts by ayes 106, nays 89. The bill was passed, ayes 130, nays 75.

The names of the Northern men who finally recorded their names against "CHEAP POSTAGE FOR THE PEOPLE," should be set apart for public inspection. They are—Albertson, Brown, Dunham, Gorman and Robinson, Ind.; Carter, Disney, Hoagland and Sweetser, Ohio; Harris, M'Clernand, and Richardson, Ill.; Houston, Del.; DURR, N. Y.; FULLER, Me.; and ROSS, PA.,—16—of which 12 are from the three middle States of the West. Shame on them!

In the Senate Mr. Winthrop introduced a bill for the partial reformation of the tariff. Mr. Benton's resolution calling for information relative to the Cotton prisoners was adopted. Mr. Smith concluded his speech in favor of paying the French Spoliation claims, after which the Senate adjourned.

The Senate did not sit on Saturday. The House spent some time in considering private bills. One was passed, and the House adjourned.

On Monday, the Senate voted 5000 extra copies of the report of engineers on the cause of inundations of the Lower Mississippi. Mr. Clay asked for the immediate consideration of a resolution of inquiry by the Committee on Commerce, as to the means of suppressing the *African* slave trade; but Mr. Hale objected to and the motion was laid over, by the rules. The Postage bill was received from the House, and referred. Mr. Hunter made a speech against the French Spoliation bill, maintaining that this government is not bound for the indemnity; that if it is bound at all it is bound for the whole; and that the treasury cannot afford it unless provision is made for greater revenue by *lowering* the tariff.

The House spent *the whole sitting* in rejecting efforts to bring [illegible] business out of turn. And this [illegible] and injurious waste will continue, so long as members *allow the practice*, so partial and unjust, of permitting Southern members thus to [illegible]

TUESDAY, Jan. 21.

IN SENATE.—A resolution of Mr. Mangum was adopted, ordering inquiry as to the reorganization of the State Department. Among numerous petitions, was one from the Smithsonian Institution, that $150,000 surplus of interest may be added to the permanent fund. The rules were amended so that a motion may be withdrawn at any time before the yeas and nays are ordered. The French Claims were then taken up, and Mr. Seward made an elaborate and eloquent speech in their favor.

In the House there was another struggle for the priority of business.

Mr. Bayly spoke of the state of the business, and said if the House continued to make other special orders, and did not sustain him in making the general appropriation bills, such the chances were they would be lost.

Committees were called for reports.

The House concurred, by a vote of yeas 117, to nays 57, in the amendment of the Senate to the House bill for renewing the charter of the Potomac Fire insurance Company of Georgetown, District of Columbia, making the stockholders liable to an amount equal to the capital stock held by them respectively, provided this be confined to stockholders who were such when such debts were contracted or liabilities incurred.

Numerous Senate bills were referred.

FOREIGN.

The American steamer Franklin, of the Havre line, arrived on Thursday evening, bringing news from Cowes, to Jan. 1st. The Atlantic sailed from Liverpool, Dec. 28th, and has not been heard from. Great anxiety exists concerning her fate.

The Asia arrived at Liverpool, Dec. 28,

Editors' Cable.

A Copious and Critical Latin-English Lexicon, Founded on the Larger Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. Wm. Freund. With Additions and Corrections from the Lexicons of Gesner, Facciolati, Scheller, Georges, &c. By E. A. Andrews, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

It has been understood for years, among classical students, that Prof. Andrews, than whom no American scholar is more competent for such a work, was devoting the maturity of his scholarship and his life to the preparation of a Latin lexicon, which should supply the manifold deficiencies of Ainsworth and Leverett, and should introduce the learner to a more thoroughly critical and philosophical knowledge of the Latin language. This great work is at length completed; and notwithstanding the labor and cost of preparation, it is presented to the student at a reasonable price and in a most inviting dress. Much praise is due to the publishers for the manner in which they have executed their part in this undertaking. But for their enterprise and liberality, the scholar would have labored in vain, or rather would never have entered upon his work. A work of this description requires a large outlay of funds in advance, and must be begun in faith and patience.

Although this lexicon is based upon the great standard work of Freund, it is not merely an American reprint of that lexicon, nor is it properly an abridgement, but rather a *new* work, prepared from the most diligent and laborious comparison of authors and authorities. The object which the editor proposed to himself, as he informs us in his preface, was, "First, to retain all the definitions and philological remarks in Freund's larger lexicon, and also all his references to the original Latin authors, the grammarians, editors, and commentators; and secondly, to rely chiefly for the compression of the work within the prescribed limits, upon retrenching such parts of citations as could be dispensed with without interfering with the particular purpose for which the citations were made, and omitting altogether such as seemed either redundant or of very minor importance."

Such a work of condensation is often more difficult and tedious than the original labor of compilation. In the present instance it has been so performed that where a quotation is omitted, every reference in Freund's lexicon to the Latin author has been retained, thus enabling the student to examine the use of words in their original connection, and to test the accuracy of the definitions.

On taking up this volume, one is first struck with the extent of the vocabulary. Sixteen hundred and fifty pages closely printed in triple columns, contain a list of Latin words quite adequate to the wants of the ordinary student. Words and phrases which we have sought for in vain, in the lexicons in common use, are here supplied; and even some words which had been omitted by Freund, but the use of which is authorized by good authors, are inserted in this edition. The *definitions* are accurate, discriminating, and complete. To the youthful student these will form the most valuable feature of the work; since at the first it is more important to learn from authority precisely what a word means in good authors and in various connections, than to be able to trace a word philologically through different periods of the language. This habit may be better acquired at a later period, when the mind will not be confused by multiplied examples and nice shades of meaning. The translations of difficult phrases which occur in the course of the work will also be a valuable help to the beginner. The numerous references to the best classical authors will make the student familiar with authorities, and will accustom him to read with critical attention, noting the significance of words. In this respect, also, the lexicon will serve the purpose of a dictionary of quotations.

[illegible] now in use. Whoever is about to begin the study of Latin will of course procure it, and those who have long been dissatisfied with their lexicographical helps will gladly dispense with those for such a substitute. We have unscrupulously laid up on the shelf the well-thumbed Ainsworth that companied with us through all our preparatory and collegiate course, and by the help of which we divined the wit of Horace and of Plautus, and elaborated the terse narrative of Tacitus, and also (*heu! poen itet me!*) wrote and spoke much barbarous Latin!

Reveries of a Bachelor: or, a Book of the Heart. By Ik. Marvel, author, of Fresh Gleanings. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1850.

One will not genially read this book—in the ample arm-chair, before the crackling or the anon declining and sleepy fire—without some sense of personal thankfulness to the careful and dexterous hand of its author. The Ik. Marvel whom we last met in the glancing outline sketches of the Battle-summer in Paris, has come to us in this volume with a quite new intention. Enjoying the blisses and enduring the pains of a bachelorship that can scarcely as yet be anything but hopeful, he catches as they arise and stereotypes upon letter-press the reveries that bewitch him. He has done it in three of the present essays—we except the second, only—with excellent force and grace. The dreamy, shadowy haze of reverie, its fleet transitions, its vivid and startling passages—more vivid, oftentimes, than anything of real life—are admirably reproduced on these delicate pages. The dense and deliberate style, though nowise itself dreamy and insubstantial, dealing largely rather in the tough and oaken Saxon that makes the strength of our hardy tongue, is adapted with admirable pliancy to the movement and tone of the fancy. Shifting, aerial, rose-colored or gloomy, as that may be—going down to the depths of a riven heart, going up to the glories of hope fulfilled, hovering as a recollection over the treasures of Italy, or wrestling as a present, defiant purpose against the terror of desolation—the expression is everywhere twin-born with it. It has a sound, at times, like the gasp of a heart. It shows, again, the finest, airiest fancy of the dreamer, solidified for aye, yet as graceful and slight as morning frost-work.

We cannot affirm that all the sentiment of the volume is arithmetically to be sworn to, as a thing of experience; or that all its dream-land has terrene equivalents. But there are passages in it—as those descriptive of early separations, school-days and their sequel—that will start the memory, with a quick throb, in many hearts. And there are essential and permanent qualities exhibited in it, both of intellect and of sensibility, that give noble promise of a Future, and that will make the subsequent publications of the author events to be watched for. S.

Gems by the Way-Side. By Mrs. L. G. Abell. New York: Wm. Holdredge.

This volume makes no pretensions to high literary excellence or to original merit. It is a beautifully adorned scrap-book, in which are collected tales, essays, poems, anecdotes, proverbs and mottoes, culled from an extensive reading of periodical literature, and pruned and dressed with a special regard to purity and truth. Many a gem picked up by the way-side and set in this beautiful case will henceforth sparkle for eyes that else had never been gladdened with its radiance. It is just the volume to enliven the winter's evening in the cottage parlor, away from books, newspapers, and magazines. As we turn over its pages we are greeted with the familiar faces of Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Child, and Mrs. Seba Smith, and of Bryant, Morris and Bethune. But lack-a-day, what have we here! A portrait of ourselves! That same old forgotten sketch in Holden's Magazine, for which we never sat, and in making which the unknown artist dipped his pencil in some saponaceous compound and then laid on the oil and varnish thick! We had hoped that it was buried long ago; but here it is staring us in the face! This book is *bound* handsomely, whatever we may think of some of its selections.

The Christian Review. January, 1851. Rev. S. S. Cutting, Editor.

We have recently spoken of the high literary merit and the liberal tone of this Quarterly of the Baptist denomination. The January number opens with an elaborate and polished article from Rev. Dr. Adams, of this city, on The Last Fifty Years. Then follows a review of Tennyson, from the pen of a passionate admirer. Next, a brief but candid and valuable criticism of Upham's Life of Madame Guyon. This is succeeded by a scholarly article on the Greek Tragedy, from the pen of Prof. Boise. "Elements of Western Character," is the title of Art. V, giving a comprehensive and philosophical view of the elements that are forming the Western mind. We are sorry to see, however, that this writer is disposed, as are many of our Baptist brethren, to detract from the Puritans of New England, in order to honor Roger Williams, who needs no such weapons for his defense.

The *Review* contains a spirited article on the "Papal Aggression" in England, and a valuable essay from Prof. Tappan on collegiate education. "The Phases of Geological Science" forms the subject of an interesting article from Prof. Loomis, of Waterville College. The literary notices are numerous and well-executed. The summary of intelligence at the close of the number, to most readers will be highly acceptable.

Salander and the Dragon: a Romance of the Hartz Prison. By Frederic William Shelton, M.A., Rector of St. John's church, Huntington, N. Y. New York: Samuel Hueston, 139 Nassau-street. George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1851.

Since the days of John Bunyan there has not been given to the Christian world so beautiful an allegory as this. Its design—the author should not have forestalled it in his preface—is to exhibit the pernicious effects of slander, and surely no one can contemplate this odious offspring of the depraved heart as it appears in this fanciful sketch without abhorring and despising the reality. The names of the several characters are significantly chosen, and the grouping is managed with a fine artistic effect. The style comports with that chaste simplicity which should characterize an allegory, in which the veil should not be so elaborately and closely woven as to hide the modest mien of truth beneath.

The Knickerbocker, January, 1851. New York: Samuel Hueston, 139 Nassau-street.

Ever welcome Diedrich! more redolent of story, wit, anecdote, and song! as Time brushes thee along! Fairly awake to the activities and locomotive vehemence of this last half of the nineteenth century. Saint Leger opens his worktable to gather up those mysterious unwoven threads of life cut short in the middle. We hope he will now ply the handloom vigorously, and let us see the end for which we have waited so impatiently.

The Adventure of Goodwife Egleston is a droll sketch of the eccentricities of Puritanic society. The Bunkum Flag Staff has revived its humor, and the Editor's Table is as ever, talkative, racy, spirited, and sentimental. The symbolic owl has not yet cast its somber shadow over these pages. It serves only to enliven the editor's night vigils with its *tu-whit tu-whoo*.

A Prize Essay on the Use and Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors in Health and Disease. By William B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., Examiner in Physiology in the University of London, and Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in University College. Boston: Published for the Mass. Temperance Society by Crosby & Nichols. 1851.

The English mind is at length fairly aroused on the subject of Temperance. A prize essay, from an eminent physician to which one hundred guineas was awarded by three of the most distinguished members of the medical profession in London, and which is dedicated by permission to Prince Albert, is a hopeful sign of progress. The essay is an able and thorough scientific treatise, and must become a standard authority on the subject of which it treats.

[illegible]ings, on subjects connected with Temperance and the Liquor Traffic, by Charles Jewett, M.D. Boston: J. P. Jewett. 1851.

Few advocates of Temperance have rendered such essential service to the cause as Dr. Jewett. In him science, wit, eloquence, poetry, and an earnest practical benevolence, combine their forces for the reformation of the drunkard and the overthrow of the traffic. The widest circulation should be given to this volume. Prefixed to it is a fine portrait of the Doctor, but it is impossible to print the inimitable lecturer.

The National Preacher.—Vol. XXIV neatly bound, and prefaced with a most uncomely caricature of Dr. Spring, has just been issued by D. A. Woodworth of this city. Rev. J. M. Sherwood has resumed the editorial superintendence of the *Preacher*. The January No. contains a New Year's sermon by Dr. Hawes, and a discourse on the Power of Christianity by Dr. Sprague. The *Preacher* is a most acceptable visitor to thousands of families. From month to month it comes freighted with the richest thoughts and fragrant with the costliest emotions of some of the best minds and hearts in the church. It serves to acquaint ministers with each other as fellow-laborers in the truth; it stimulates thought and quickens devotion; and it impresses on the age and its history the otherwise ephemeral utterances of the pulpit. Of all the cheap literature of our times there is none which for solid and permanent value can be compared with this.

Mrs. Knight's Sabbath-school Books.—The following is a list of the Sabbath-school books from the captivating pen of Mrs. Knight, published by the American Sunday-school Union, and *not* by the Mass. S. S. Society, as erroneously stated in a previous notice of that lady's writings.

Jane Hudson; or the secret of Getting on in the World.

Reuben Kent at School; and Reuben Kent's First Winter in the City; one of the most charming juvenile stories ever issued from the press.

Robert Dawson; or the Brave Spirit.

These volumes are handsomely illustrated. We would suggest that a uniform series of Mrs. Knight's stories for children should be issued under her own name.

PRACTICAL.

For the Independent.

PRAYER FOR SCHOOLS.

In the list of objects that have each justly a certain time set apart for their remembrance in the prayers of the church, we look in vain for one which seems to demand a place in every Christian heart. I refer to our schools. We have concerts of prayer for foreign missions, for Sabbath schools, for the enslaved, and in some places for home missions.

We have a day set apart, at least in New England, of prayers for our colleges, and another for the cause of temperance. Our benevolent societies all, at appropriate times, are commended to the interest and prayers of churches.

We hear them mentioned specifically in the pulpit, the church prayer meetings, and at the family altar.

The missionary leaves his native land, not only wafted onward by the breezes of the ocean, but borne upward by the prayers of a thousand united hearts. The Bible and tract distributors go out with the prayers of the church around them, and return to report in a praying atmosphere. The colporteur is followed in all his paths by the petitions of those who know how to wrestle with God like Jacob, and prevail like Israel.

How seldom do we hear any allusion to our schools, in the devotions of the sanctuary. Who ever heard of the Christians of a town or district uniting together in imploring Divine Wisdom to guide them in the selection of a teacher?

How few teachers can feel while engaged in their daily duties, that they are remembered by pious parents at the family altar, and in the closet. Where are the children and youth that have the assurance that the school is not only paid for, but prayed for by those who are interested in it?

When we remember that in these schools are to be sown the seeds of virtue, intelligence, and goodness; that here, the character is to be molded, and receive its stamp for the future; that here our parsons, our missionaries and colporteurs, for the next generation, are receiving their culture; and that in these institutions are now those who are to support and carry on vigorously the benevolent enterprises of the coming age, and to give laws and opinions to the western world—will not the subject seem worthy of attention? Is it answered that our public schools are established for secular education, and nothing religious must be connected with them? We are not suggesting any change in the modes of instruction, or asking for the introduction of any religious culture, however valuable it might be; but simply desiring that our schools may occupy a place in the sympathies and prayers of the Christian community.

Thousands of teachers would be encouraged in their daily work, could they know that among the hundreds of thousands of professed Christians among them, some were remembering them daily at the throne of grace. Pupils would feel that there was more of meaning in the oft-repeated exhortation to "improve their privileges and opportunities," if these were found worthy of mention in the Sabbath and weekly devotions.

Parents would feel a deeper interest in the culture of their children, and Christians in the education of the community, if they were accustomed daily to pray for God's blessing on the work. The school-room would become an important place, where the church would be found "watching unto prayer," expecting to see the blessings of heaven resting upon the young, and looking for a generation trained up to virtue, truth, and right.

It has long seemed to some teachers and parents that the education of the young in schools and families, should engage the attention of the church more directly than now.

As the old year is closing, and the question is conscientiously asked by Christian parents, "what can we do for the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, to make it blessed to the world," may we not earnestly request that our primary and other day schools may have a remembrance in their prayers. Pray that they may be schools of virtue, purity, and truth; nurseries of piety where the millions of children and youth of our country may be trained to become blessings to all around them, wherever they act.

A Teacher.

New Britain, Ct., Dec. 30, 1850.

For the Independent.

THE PASTOR'S VISITS.

What, have the congregation made him their annual visit, and loaded him with their benefits? No, he has received no general visit from them this year, but those, who have felt so disposed, have remembered him at killing time, and when every-day articles of food were becoming scarce. Well, then, who has made the pastor a visit, a notice of which is worth printing? His Visitor was no less a personage than the Lord of hosts; and He came bringing with him blessings more costly, and more valuable than meat that perisheth, or than gold, and silver, and the precious jewels of earth. He came to impart riches—divine riches—durable riches—the riches of his grace. The pastor had long been asking the Lord that he might grow

"In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.
He hoped that in some favored hour,
The Lord would answer his request,
And, by his love's constraining power,
Subdue his sins, and give him rest."

Well, the Lord did answer his request, and came down to make him visits of mercy. The first visit was made the day before the Lord's supper was administered in November, to prepare the minister for that solemn occasion. And what do you suppose the precious boon was, which his gent gift from what the pastor was expecting. As the minister was in his study that afternoon, his youngest son, a lad nearly ten years of age, who had gone out with two older brothers, a little while before, to get some nuts, came running home with all speed to inform his father of the Lord's arrival. The pastor dropped his pen, and hastened to the place where the Visitor was seen. On reaching the spot, he found one of his sons supporting the other, who was lying before him, at the root of a walnut tree. In attempting to climb the tree, one of the lads had fallen, and broken his thigh. There he lay, as pale as death on the lap of his brother, while a kind neighbor and his daughter were doing what they could for his comfort. What, you may be ready to ask, is a broken bone the gift which the Lord came to bring? It is even so. And He brought it to make the minister and his family rich, and happy, and prepare him for the solemn duties of the next day. This was the first visit, and the first gift.

But the pastor and family were not rich enough yet. So the Lord gave them another benefit. On the day before the Communion in January, just as the lame boy began to hobble about the room on crutches, the Lord came and laid a fatal disease on the lad who was the messenger on the other occasion. As the pastor stood up on the first Sabbath in the year, and told the number of deaths which had occurred the previous year within the bounds of the congregation, and made appropriate remarks to his church and people, he addressed himself to parents, exhorting them to be faithful to their children, while they were with them, as death might soon call them to a separation. With tears in his eyes he repeated the verse

"If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian hand we trust;
That hand shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust."

He did not realize that in less than two days from that time he would be "weeping o'er the dust" of a darling child. Before closing his address, he recited the New Year's Promise.

"Hark, a sweet sound salutes my ear,
While entering on the opening year;
The Savior speaks and says to me,
That *as my days, my strength shall be.*

With such a promise need I fear
What shall befall me thro' the year;
For this I would not anxious be,
Since *as my days, my strength shall be.*

Should storms of trouble on me fall,
And should my cup be mixed with gall,
This promise shall be sweet to me,
That *as my days, my strength shall be.*"

Early Tuesday morning, the Lord came into the pastor's house and laid claim to his sweet boy, and took him to himself. That was a sad hour to the minister and his family. They felt that storms of trouble had fallen upon them. The pastor, who does not often weep, now felt that his head was waters, and his eyes a fountain of tears. But notwithstanding his deep sorrow, while God's waves and billows were rolling over him, he said, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." As the intelligence went round that the pastor's little boy was dead, one friend after another dropped in, to see the corpse and express their sympathy for the afflicted family. Every new comer raised the flood-gate, and brought forth a fresh bottle of tears, until the fountain seemed exhausted. The minister felt that he had never known the value of friends before. At the funeral the church was full of people, more so than it usually is on the Sabbath. After a solemn sermon by a neighboring minister, and after all had come forward to see the corpse, the pastor, standing by the coffin of his darling child, addressed the people as well as his tears would let him. After telling of the intense agony of the child for hours before he died, he said "he had been praying for years, that God would make his boys ministers to preach to the people; that he little thought how his prayers were to be answered; but they were answered to-day. Here is my youngest child come to preach to you—not from the pulpit and with his sweet voice,—but from his coffin, and by his dead silence. He says to you all, '*Prepare to meet your God.*' He preaches louder than his father can. Will you not listen to him? Will not the children present, seek the Savior now, that they may be prepared to follow him into eternity?" These were the pastor's visits, and some of their results.

One who Knows.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following exquisite stanzas on Weir's Painting are from the *Knickerbocker* for January:

An Artist's Studio.

I well remember how the light, the pale pure north light, fell
On all within that lofty room, and clothed with mystic spell
A massive oaken cabinet, and many a curious chair—
Bright armor of the olden time, and relics quaint and rare.

I marked them well, the gathered books, the painters treasures all:
Here was his resting-place of joy, whatever might befall;
Strong was the faith, high-hearted one! that prompted thee to go.

Miles Standish, with his stalwort form, and soul of manly might,
While on his shoulder fondly leaned his wife, so fair and true—
Sweet Rose! how love and sorrow strove within thine eye of blue!
Canara, and White, and Bradford, too; strong men and stern were these;
They stayed not for the unknown wastes of trackless stormy seas;
The hope of safety and of peace their every doubt begotten,
Here, dark Oppression lower'd in gloom—there genial Freedom smiled!

Childhood was there, and youth, with eye keen-looking far away,
Longing to ride the lifting crest of ocean-steeds at play:
Naught cared he for the coming night, for visions new and strange;
Joy dwelt for him in stirring life, in scenes of chance and change.

And timid Woman tearless stood, with courage firm and rare,
Wait'ng to hear the deep 'Amen!' of that most fervent prayer,
And then to see the white sails set to catch a favoring wind,
And know each early home and friend forever left behind!

Borne from his studio's silent walls, to meet a nation's gaze,
The painter's vision hath received its meed of fitting praise;
But dearer to his thoughtful soul, of far more solid worth,
The noble lesson he would teach, than all the fame of earth.

Tell ye, O mute, yet speaking forms, creations of his skill,
How trust in God, and lofty hope, and firm unconquered will,
Sustained and soothed each aching heart among that little band,
Who bore with them across the sea the freedom of our land!

Thank God, my country, that the seed, in doubt and meekness sown,
To such a spreading lordly tree in later times hath grown:
A pilgrim sire's beloved name a noble boast should be;
A pilgrim's grave a holy trust, oh, Children of the Free!

Nell.

From the Boston Traveler.

The Angel over the Right Shoulder.

or the beginning of a new year.

"A woman's work is never done," said Mrs. James. "I am sure I thought I should get through by sundown, and here is this lamp, now, on which I must go and spend half an hour before it will burn."

"Don't you wish you had never been married?" said Mr. James, with a good-natured laugh.

"Yes," rose to Mrs. James's lips, but a glance at her husband, and two little urchins, who, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, were tumbling over him, checked that reply.

"I should like the good without the evil, if I could have it," she said.

"I am sure you have no great evils to endure," replied her husband.

"That is just all you gentlemen know about it. How should you like it if you could not get an hour's rest to yourself from morning to night? What would become of your favorite studies?"

"I do not think there is any need of that. I know your work could be arranged so systematically as to give you some time to call your own."

"Well, all I wish is," was the reply, "that you could follow me round for one day, and see what I have to do."

When the lamp was trimmed, the conversation was resumed. Mr. James had been giving the subject some thought.

"Wife," said he, "I have a plan to propose, and I wish you to promise me that you will accede to it. It is an experiment, and I wish you to give it a fair trial, to please me."

After hesitating awhile, as she had great reason to suppose it would be quite impracticable, she at length promised.

"This is my plan. I want you to take two hours out of every day for your own private use. Make a point of going up into your room and locking yourself in, and let the work go undone if it must. Spend this time in the way most profitable to yourself. Now I shall bind you to your promise for one month; at the end of that time, if it has proved a total failure, we will try some other way."

"When shall I begin?"

"To-morrow."

To-morrow came. Mrs. James had selected the two hours before dinner as the most convenient for her; and as the family dined at one o'clock, she was to have finished her morning work, be dressed, and in her room at eleven. Hearty as her efforts were to accomplish this, the appointed hour found her with her work but half done; yet true to her promise, she retired to her room, and turned the key of the door.

After spending perhaps half an hour in forming her plans for study, she drew up her table, placed her books before her, prepared pen and paper, and commenced with much enthusiasm. Scarcely was pen dipped in ink when there was a tramping of little feet along the hall, and a loud pounding on the chamber door.

"Mamma, mamma, I cannot find my mittens, and Frank is going without me, to slide."

"Go to Amy, daughter; mamma is busy, now."

"Amy is busy, too, and says she cant leave the baby."

Upon this the child began to cry. The easiest way for Mrs. James to settle the difficulty, and indeed the only way, was to go and hunt up the missing articles. Then parley must be held with Frank, to induce him to wait for his sister, and the little girl's tears must be dried, and little hearts must be set right before the children were sent out to play, and a life lecture given, too, on the necessity of putting things where they belonged. Time slipped away, and when Mrs. James returned to her study, her watch told her that one hour was gone. She quietly resumed her task, and was getting well under weigh again, when a heavier step was heard, and her door was once more tried. Now Mr. James must be admitted.

"Mary," said he, "do come and put on a string for me. There is not a boom in my drawer in order. I am in a hurry. I ought to have been down town an hour ago."

Mrs. James went for her work-basket, and followed him. The tape was sewed on, then a button needed fastening, and then a rip in his glove must be mended.

Mrs. James took his glove and stitched away at it, with a smile lurking in the corners of her mouth.

"What are you laughing at?" inquired her husband.

"To think how famously your plan works," replied she.

"I declare!" exclaimed he, "was this your study hour? I am sorry, but what can a man do? he cannot go down town without a shirt bosom."

"Certainly not," replied his wife, quietly.

When her huge lord was fairly equipped, Mrs. James returned to her room again. About half an hour remained to her, of which she was determined to make the most. Once more was her place found, and her pendipped in ink, when there was another disturbance in the entry. Amy had returned with the baby from his walk. She took him into the nursery to put him to sleep. Now the only room in the house where Mrs. James could have a fire to herself, was the room adjoining the nursery. The ordinary noise of the children did not disturb her, but the very extraordinary one which Master Charley felt called upon to make, when he was fairly upon his back in the cradle, was rather more than could be borne by most mothers, without seriously disturbing the train of their thoughts. The words of the author rose and fell with the bawls and screams of the child. Mrs. James closed her book until the storm should be overpast. Soon after quiet was restored, the children came in from sliding, crying with cold fingers. Just as the dinner bell rung, Mrs. James closed her book in despair.

"How did you succeed with your studies, this morning?" inquired Mr. James.

"Famously?" replied Mrs. James. "I read about seventy pages of German, and as many more of French."

"Why, I am sure I did not hinder you long."

"No; yours was only one of a dozen interruptions."

"O well; you must not get discouraged. You cannot expect to succeed the first time. Persist in it, until the family learn that if they want anything of you, they must come at some other time."

"But what is a man to do," replied his wife; "he cannot go down in town with a string off his bosom, and a rip in his glove?"

"Well, I was in a bad fix," replied Mr. James. "I dare say it will not happen again. At any rate, try the month out, and see what will come of it."

The second day of trial happened to be a stormy one; and as the morning was very dark, Bridget overslept herself, and breakfast was one hour late. This last hour Mrs. James could not recover. Eleven o'clock came, and her morning work was but half done. With a mind disturbed and depressed, she left things in the state she found, however, utterly impossible to fix her attention upon anything which required thought. Neglected duties hauntedher as ghosts do the guilty. Finding herself unable to do anything with her books, and wishing not to lose the morning wholly, she commenced a letter. Bridget came to her door before she had written half a page.

"What shall we have for dinner, ma'am? There is not no marketing come, and you did not tell me what to get."

"Have some steaks."

"We ha'nt got any."

"Well, I will send one for some."

Now there was no one to send but Amy, and Mrs. James knew it. With a sigh she put away her letter, and went into the nursery.

"Amy, Mr. James has forgotten the marketing. I wish you would run over to the provision store, and order some beef-steaks; I will stay with the baby."

Amy was none too well pleased to be sent on this errand. She remarked "that she must first change her dress."

"Be as quick as possible then," said Mrs. James, "for I am particularly engaged this morning."

Amy neither obeyed nor disobeyed, but managed to take her own time in reality, though without any direct determination to do so. Mrs. James, thinking she might get along a sentence or two in the nursery, took her German book in; but to this arrangement Charley would by no means consent. Mamma must show him the kitties in the book—whether there or not it was all one to him—but amused he must be. Half her second day's time of trial was gone when Amy came in; and with a sigh Mrs. James returned to her room. Before one o'clock she had been called down into the kitchen twice on some important business relating to the dinner, and for this day, not one entire page of a letter had been written.

On the third morning she rose early, made every provision for dinner, and for the comfort of the family, which she deemed necessary, and elated by success, in good spirits and with good courage, she entered her study precisely at eleven o'clock. Now she was to have a fine time of it. Her books were opened, and a hard lesson summoned to the conflict. Scarcely had she read a line, when she heard the door bell ring.

Somebody wants to see you in the parlor, Mrs. James."

"Tell them I am engaged, Bridget."

"I told them you were to home ma'am, and they gave me their names, but I did not exactly understand."

Mrs. James was obliged to go. To smile when she felt sober, to be social when her thoughts were elsewhere. Her friends, however, seemed to find her agreeable, for they made a long call; and when they rose to go, others came. So in the most unsatisfactory chit-chat, all this morning went.

On the next day Mr. James invited company to tea, and Mrs. James was obliged to give up the morning to preparing for it, and did not enter her study. On the day following, she was obliged to keep her bed with sick head-ache; and on Saturday, Amy having extra work to do, the charge of the baby devolved upon her. Thus passed the first week.

True to her promise, Mrs. James patiently persevered for a month, in her efforts to secure to herself this fragment of her broken time, with what success the weeks history can tell. With its cloistered the month of December. Being particularly occupied on the last day of the old year, getting ready for the morrow's festival, it was near the last hour of the day when she made a good night's call in the nursery. She went the crib to look at baby. There he lay fast asp in his innocence and beauty. She kissed rosy cheek gently, and stroked softly his golden hair, and pressing his little dimpled hands thin hers, she drew the warm coverings more closely around him, carefully tucking it in, then sting one more kiss, she left him to his slumbe and sat down on her daughter's bed. She was also sweetly asleep, with her dolly hugged close to her. Her mother smiled, but soon seemed as if graver and sadder thoughts filled her mind, as indeed they did. She was thinking of her disappointed plans. To her, not only this past month, but the past year, seemed to have been one of fruitless effort; it seemed to her barren and disjointed; even her hours of religious meditation had been encroached upon and directed. She had accomplished nothing that she could see, but keep her house and family; and to her saddened thoughts, even this seemed to have been but indifferently done. Yearnings for something better than this she was conscious of; unsatisfied longings often clouded an otherwise bright day for her, and yet all this seemed to lie in a region dim and misty, which she could not penetrate.

What did she need then? To see some of the best of her life-work? To be conscious of some joy of purpose, some weaving together of these threads, now so broken and single?

She felt, she was quite sure, no desire to shrink from duty, however humble; but she sighed for some comforting assurance of what *was* duty. Her pursuits, conflicting as they did with her tastes, seemed to her frivolous. She felt there was some better way of living, which she, from want of energy of character, or energy of principle, had failed of discovering. As she leaned over her child, her tears now fell fast upon that young brow.

How earnestly wished that mother that she could shield her child from the disappointments, and self-reproaches, and mistakes from which she was then suffering; that the little one might take up life where she could give it to her, mended by all her own experience. It would have been a great comfort could she have felt that she had fought the battle for both. Yet she knew that it could not so be; that we must all learn for ourselves, what are those things which make for our peace. With tears still in her eyes, she gave the good night to the child, and with soft step entered the adjoining room, and there fairly kissed out the old year on another chubby cheek which nestled among the pillows; then she sought her own rest.

Soon she found herself in a singular place. She was traversing a vast plain; no trees were visible, save those which skirted the distant horizon; on their tops rested a wreath of golden clouds. Before her, traveling towards that distant light, was a female. Little children were about her, sometimes in her arms, and sometimes at her side. As she journied on, she busied herself caring for them. Now she soothed them when weary—now she taught them how to travel, and again she warned them of the pitfalls and stumbling blocks in the way. She helped them over the one, and taught them to be wary of the other. She talked to them of that golden light which she kept constantly in view, and towards which she seemed to be hastening with her little flock. But what was most remarkable was, that all unknown to her, two golden clouds floated above her, on which reposed two angels. Before each was a golden book, and a pen of gold. One angel, with mild and loving eyes, peered constantly over the right shoulder, and the other over the left; they followed her from the rising to the setting of the sun. They watched every word, and look, and deed, no matter how trivial. When it was good, the angel over the right shoulder, with a glad smile, wrote it down in his golden book; when evil, however trival, the angel over the left shoulder wrote it down in his book. Then he kept his sorrowful eyes on her until he found penitence for the evil, upon which he dropped a tear upon his record, and blotted it out, and both angels rejoiced. To the looker-on, it seemed as if the traveler did little which was worthy such careful record.

Sometimes she did but bathe the weary feet of her children, and the angel over *the right shoulder* wrote it down. Sometimes she did but wait patiently, to lure back some little truant who had taken a step in the wrong direction, and the angel over the right shoulder wrote it down.

Sometimes, with her eyes fixed upon the golden horizon, she became so intent upon her own progress, as to let the little pilgrims at her side languish or stray; then it was the angel over the left shoulder who lifted the golden pen and made the entry, followed her with sorrowing eyes, seeking to blot it out. If wishing to hasten on her journey, she left the little ones behind, it was the sorrowing angel recorded her progress. Now the observer felt, as she looked on, that this was a faithful record, and was to be kept to that journey's end. Those strong clasps of gold on those golden books, also impressed her with the belief that they were to be sealed for a future opening. Her sympathies were warmly excited for the traveler, and with a beating heart she quickened her steps, that she might overtake her, and tell her what she had seen, and entreat her to be watchful, and faithful, and patient to the end in her life's work, for she had herself seen that *its results* would all be known when those golden books should be unclasped. That she must not think any duty which it fell in her way to do, trivial, for surely there was an angel over her right shoulder or one over her left, who would record it all.

Eager to warn her of this, she gently touched her. The traveler turned, and she recognized, or seemed to recognize, *herself*. Startled and alarmed, she awoke and found herself in tears. The grey light of morning struggled through the half-open shutter, the door was ajar, and merry faces were peeping in.

"Wish you a Happy New Year, mamma. Wish you a *Happy* New Year!"

She returned the merry greeting—heartily—she had found her way through the mazes where she had been entangled, and light was now about her path. The *angel over her right shoulder*, whom she had seen in her dream, had penned her that her life-work was bound up in that golden book, and its final results would be known—had assured her what was duty—now she saw plainly enough, what she had not seen before, that while it was right and important for her to cultivate, as far as she could, her own mind and heart, it was equally right and equally important for her to perform faithfully all those little household duties and cares, on which the comfort and virtue of her family depended.

They had acquired a new dignity from the records of that golden pen—and they could not be neglected without danger.

Sad thoughts and misgivings, and ungratified longings seemed all to have taken their flight with the Old Year, and it was with a new resolution, and a cheerful hope, and a happy heart, that she welcomed the New Year.

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